

SPORTS A FIELD

NOVEMBER, 1942

20c



Walter
Hastall
Hinton



The blacksmith's son and his homemade gun

'Way back in 1816, a boy named Eliphalet



Remington needed a hunting rifle. Money was scarce, and guns expensive. Being a handy young mechanic, he decided to make his own rifle at his father's forge. It turned out to be such a sturdy, accurate gun that neighbors asked him to make others like it for them. At first, he trudged 15 miles to Utica to have the barrels rifled. Then he and his father devised machinery to do the complete job. Like many other American business concerns, Remington Arms began in a small shop, as the result of a young man's

determination and mechanical ingenuity.

Hunting was America's earliest occupation and pastime. Not so long ago, many Americans depended almost entirely on game for food and clothing. Hunting made a family self-sufficient. It gave a man resourcefulness and self-respect; it developed a love of freedom and rugged self-reliance. Because their guns were so much a part of their lives, Americans early turned to the tingling competition of target shooting for sport and recreation. The character-building, independence, and sport a gun provides have remained constant, generation after generation.

We at Remington have always enjoyed our task of furnishing American sportsmen with dependable guns and ammunition. Now we

have a bigger job to do. Our technical skill, our plant facilities have been enlisted to help our country win through to victory.

For the future. This is a splendid time to engage in wildlife restoration programs, so that



when peace returns again it will be the kind of peace hunters dream about—one shattered only by the sudden wing-beat of a startled pheasant or the snapping of twigs as a big buck moves through snow-covered woods. Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.



Remington

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GENERAL HUNTING SEASONS

READ THIS BEFORE USING CHART

This chart is designed as a trip-planning guide only. In season, indicated in different seasons, when the various states and provinces offer final shooting on game.

last game species. Either general open seasons or over-all open seasons only are given. "General" means means the time limits set by state statute between which game seasons can open hunting seasons. "Over-all" means the time limits set by the state statute between which game seasons can open hunting seasons. "Over-all" means the time limits set by the state statute between which game seasons can open hunting seasons.

game in a state. Shooting season occurs between the dates shown in chart; however, hunting of a game species within the state may be restricted to a shorter period or limited entirely. Check the laws of the state in which you are hunting. Based on the data shown there may be stated intervals. There are many closed areas. Therefore, detailed information

STATE	ANTELOPE	DEER	CHUCKWAGON	ELK	ELK	ELK	ELK	ELK
Alabama	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Alaska	Sept. 1-June 20	Sept. 1-June 20	Sept. 1-June 20	Sept. 1-June 20	Sept. 1-June 20	Sept. 1-June 20	Sept. 1-June 20	Sept. 1-June 20
Arizona	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 1-Oct. 31
Arkansas	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 1-Oct. 31
California	May 30-June 30	Oct. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Dec. 31
Colorado	May 30-June 30	Oct. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Dec. 31
Connecticut	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Delaware	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Florida	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Georgia	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Idaho	Sept. 15-Nov. 15	Sept. 15-Nov. 15	Sept. 15-Nov. 15	Sept. 15-Nov. 15	Sept. 15-Nov. 15	Sept. 15-Nov. 15	Sept. 15-Nov. 15	Sept. 15-Nov. 15
Illinois	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Indiana	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Iowa	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Kansas	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Kentucky	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Louisiana	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Maine	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Massachusetts	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Michigan	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Minnesota	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Mississippi	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Missouri	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Montana	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Nebraska	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Nevada	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
New Hampshire	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
New Jersey	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
New Mexico	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
New York	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
North Carolina	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
North Dakota	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Ohio	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Oklahoma	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Oregon	Sept. 30-Oct. 31	Sept. 30-Oct. 31	Sept. 30-Oct. 31	Sept. 30-Oct. 31	Sept. 30-Oct. 31	Sept. 30-Oct. 31	Sept. 30-Oct. 31	Sept. 30-Oct. 31
Pennsylvania	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Rhode Island	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
South Carolina	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
South Dakota	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Tennessee	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Texas	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Tulsa	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Utah	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Vermont	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Virginia	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Washington	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
West Virginia	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Wisconsin	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Wyoming	Sept. 15-June 15	Sept. 15-June 15	Sept. 15-June 15	Sept. 15-June 15	Sept. 15-June 15	Sept. 15-June 15	Sept. 15-June 15	Sept. 15-June 15
Yukon	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Alaska	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
British Columbia	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Manitoba	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
New Brunswick	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
N.S.W. Tasmania	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
New South Wales	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Queensland	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Victoria	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
South Australia	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Western Australia	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Yukon	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
Downloaded	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season

• Indicates 1942 laws not yet in effect. 1943 season given. * Indicates that there are closed periods between deer seasons. † Indicates season only.

Write to These Officials to Secure Copy Of Complete Regulations Before Hunting

- Hunters going into new country should ascertain whether there are wartime restrictions. When you purchase your hunting license, secure a copy of the hunting laws. A letter addressed to one of the following officials will bring you a copy of the complete hunting laws.

Alabama: Department of Conservation, Montgomery.	British Columbia: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Vancouver.
Alaska: Alaska Game Commission, Juneau.	Georgia: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Atlanta.
Arizona: State Game Warden, Phoenix.	Hawaii: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Honolulu.
Arkansas: Game and Fish Commission, Little Rock.	Idaho: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Boise.
California: Division of Fish and Game, San Francisco.	Illinois: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Springfield.
Colorado: State Game and Fish Department, Denver.	Indiana: Division of Fish and Game, Indianapolis.
Connecticut: Game and Fish Commission, Hartford.	Iowa: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Des Moines.
Delaware: Game and Fish Commission, Dover.	
Florida: Game and Fish Commission, Tallahassee.	
Georgia: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Atlanta.	
Hawaii: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Honolulu.	
Idaho: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Boise.	
Illinois: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Springfield.	
Indiana: Division of Fish and Game, Indianapolis.	
Iowa: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Des Moines.	
Kansas: Director, Fish and Game Commission, Topeka.	
Kentucky: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Louisville.	
Louisiana: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Baton Rouge.	
Maine: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Bangor.	
Manitoba: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Winnipeg.	
Massachusetts: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Boston.	
Michigan: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Lansing.	
Minnesota: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, St. Paul.	
Mississippi: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Jackson.	
Missouri: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, St. Louis.	
Montana: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Helena.	
Nebraska: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Lincoln.	
Nevada: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Reno.	
New Hampshire: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Concord.	
New Jersey: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Trenton.	
New Mexico: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Santa Fe.	
New York: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Albany.	
North Carolina: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Raleigh.	
North Dakota: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Bismarck.	
Ohio: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Columbus.	
Oklahoma: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Oklahoma City.	
Oregon: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Salem.	
Pennsylvania: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Harrisburg.	
Rhode Island: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Providence.	
South Carolina: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Columbia.	
South Dakota: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Pierre.	
Tennessee: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Nashville.	
Texas: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Austin.	
Tulsa: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Tulsa.	
Utah: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Salt Lake City.	
Vermont: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Montpelier.	
Virginia: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Richmond.	
Washington: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Olympia.	
West Virginia: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Charleston.	
Wisconsin: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Madison.	
Wyoming: Game, Fish and Wildlife Police, Cheyenne.	

NORTH AMERICA, 1942-43

should be procured by getting a copy of the hunting law from each game law office before hunting. A list of these state officials appears on these pages. In this summary, smaller game ranges only are given as season; all are divided into subsections. For example, the Greater Canada includes all species of grouse, except:

game law for differentiation. "H" Partridge refers to Hungarian quail. The symbols of any kind of game which may be hunted, official law and conservation limits, license fee, closed areas, local seasons and other rulings will be found in the country or state laws of each state. All the lists of going to press were of the conservation

tion departments had not completed formalization of the law, a few of the conservation departments had not completed that stage. Therefore, a number of the season dates given in this table will no doubt be changed. The other conservation departments of these pages will congregate by sending complete hunting laws as received.

STATE	OPOSSUM	B. PARTRIDGE	PARTRIDGE	QUAIL	RABBIT	RACCOON	SQUIRREL	TURKEY
Alabama	Oct. 1-Jan. 31	No open season	No open season	Dec. 1-Feb. 28	Oct. 1-Feb. 30	Oct. 1-Jan. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 20-Jan. 1
Alaska								Mar. 20-Apr. 28
Arizona	Nov. 1-Mar. 31	No open season	No open season	Nov. 31-Dec. 30	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Mar. 31	Aug. 16-Nov. 15	Oct. 16-Nov. 15
Arkansas	Dec. 1-Jan. 31	No open season	No open season	Dec. 1-Jan. 31	No closed season	Dec. 1-Jan. 31	May 16-Jun. 15	Apr. 1-15
California	No closed season	No open season	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	No closed season	No open season	No open season
Colorado		No open season	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 31	No open season
Connecticut		No open season	Oct. 20-Nov. 30	To be announced	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 20-Dec. 31	Oct. 20-Nov. 30	No open season
Delaware	Nov. 1-Jan. 15	No open season	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 15	Sept. 1-Nov. 1	Nov. 20-Feb. 15
Florida	Dec. 1-Mar. 1	No open season	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 20-Feb. 15	No closed season	Nov. 1-Jan. 15	Aug. 1-Jan. 15	Nov. 1-Mar. 1
Georgia	Oct. 1-Feb. 28		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 20-Feb. 15	No closed season	Nov. 1-Jan. 15	Aug. 1-Jan. 15	Nov. 1-Mar. 1
Idaho			Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	No closed season	Nov. 1-Mar. 31	No open season	No open season
Illinois	Nov. 15-Jan. 31		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 15-Jan. 31	Aug. 1-Nov. 15	No open season
Indiana	Nov. 15-Jan. 31		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 15-Jan. 31	Aug. 1-Nov. 15	No open season
Iowa	Nov. 15-Jan. 31		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 15-Jan. 31	Aug. 1-Nov. 15	No open season
Kansas	Dec. 1-Jan. 31		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Dec. 1-Jan. 31	Aug. 1-Nov. 15	No open season
Kentucky	Nov. 24-Jan. 9		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 24-Jan. 9	Nov. 24-Jan. 9	Nov. 24-Jan. 9	Aug. 1-Oct. 31	No open season
Louisiana	Nov. 1-Jan. 31		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Maine			Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Maryland	Nov. 1-Jan. 31		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 1-Dec. 31
Massachusetts	Nov. 1-Jan. 31		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Michigan	Nov. 1-Dec. 15		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Minnesota	Nov. 1-Dec. 15		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Mississippi	Nov. 15-Jan. 31		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 15-Jan. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Montana	Dec. 1-Jan. 31		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Dec. 1-Jan. 31	Aug. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Nebraska			Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Nevada	Nov. 15-Feb. 15		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 15-Feb. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
New Hampshire			Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
New Jersey	No closed season		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
New Mexico			To be set	To be set	To be set	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
New York	No closed season		No open season	No open season	No open season	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
North Carolina	Oct. 1-Feb. 15		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Feb. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Nov. 20-Feb. 10
North Dakota			Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Ohio	Nov. 1-Jan. 15		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Oklahoma	Dec. 1-Jan. 31		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Dec. 1-Jan. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Oregon			Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Pennsylvania			Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Rhode Island	Nov. 1-Dec. 31		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
South Carolina	Sept. 1-Mar. 1		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Mar. 1	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
South Dakota	Nov. 1-Dec. 31		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Tennessee	Nov. 20-Feb. 15		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 20-Feb. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Texas	Dec. 1-Jan. 31		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Dec. 1-Jan. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Utah			Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Vermont			Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Virginia	Oct. 1-Jan. 31		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Washington			Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
West Virginia	Nov. 1-Jan. 31		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Wisconsin			Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Wyoming			Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season
Yukon			Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season

* Indicates 1942 law not yet set or received. 1941 season given.

* Indicates that there are closed periods between dates given.

† Tentative season given.

STATE	GOAT	SHEEP
Alabama	Sept. 1-Nov. 31	No open season
Alaska		No open season
Arizona		No open season
Arkansas		No open season
California		No open season
Colorado		No open season
Connecticut		No open season
Delaware		No open season
Florida		No open season
Georgia		No open season
Idaho		No open season
Illinois		No open season
Indiana		No open season
Iowa		No open season
Kansas		No open season
Kentucky		No open season
Louisiana		No open season
Maine		No open season
Maryland		No open season
Massachusetts		No open season
Michigan		No open season
Minnesota		No open season
Mississippi		No open season
Montana		No open season
Nebraska		No open season
Nevada		No open season
New Hampshire		No open season
New Jersey		No open season
New Mexico		No open season
New York		No open season
North Carolina		No open season
North Dakota		No open season
Ohio		No open season
Oklahoma		No open season
Oregon		No open season
Pennsylvania		No open season
Rhode Island		No open season
South Carolina		No open season
South Dakota		No open season
Tennessee		No open season
Texas		No open season
Utah		No open season
Vermont		No open season
Virginia		No open season
Washington		No open season
West Virginia		No open season
Wisconsin		No open season
Wyoming		No open season
Yukon		No open season

MIGRATORY BIRDS (United States Regulations)

A SUMMARY OF UNITED STATES WATERFOWL HUNTING LAWS FOR 1942-1943

★ ★ ★ DUCKS, GEESE AND COOTS

Open Seasons

Northern Zone—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming, and Montana: September 26-December 4, inclusive.

Intermediate Zone—Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Idaho, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon and Washington: October 15-December 23, inclusive.

Southern Zone—Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona: November 2-January 10, inclusive.

Additional Provisions

New provisions governing water areas between states make the Northern Zone season apply to the entire Lake Champlain area in both Vermont and New York; the Intermediate season governs the Pymatung Reservoir in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the Southern Zone dates include the Colo-

rado River area in California.

In Puerto Rico the duck season will run from December 15 to February 15, and in the state of Alaska from September 1 to November 9 and September 21 to November 29. No open seasons on migratory birds are provided in Hawaii.

Seabirds, sometimes called sea coots, may be taken in open coastal waters only beyond outer harbor lines in Maine and New Hampshire from September 15-30, and in New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island from September 15-October 15. Thereafter they are governed by the same rules applying to other ducks.

Bag Limits and Other Waterfowl Rules

Daily Shooting hours for waterfowl and coot hunters will be from sunrise to sunset.

The daily bag limits on ducks are 10 in the aggregate of all kinds including in such limit not more than 1 wood duck, or more than 3 singly or in the aggregate of redheads and buffleheads.

Possession limits on ducks are not more than 20 ducks in the aggregate of all kinds but not more than 1 wood duck, nor more than 6 of either or both of redheads or buffleheads. Possession limit on the first day of hunting is the same as the daily bag limit.

The daily bag limit on geese and brant is 2, but in addition 4 of the more abundant blue geese may be taken in a day. If blue geese only are taken the daily bag limit is 6.

Possession limit on geese other than blue geese is 4 a day, but in addition 2 blue geese are allowed and if only blue geese are taken the possession limit is 6. On the first day of hunting the possession limit is the same as the daily bag limit. Canada geese are thus protected with a 2-a-day bag limit and a possession limit of 4.

Open seasons, hunting zones, shooting hours, and methods of hunting are the same for geese as for ducks except that in Alexander County, Illinois, only a 60-day season on geese is provided, October 15 to December 15, and geese there may be taken only from sunrise to 12 o'clock noon.

Ross' geese are completely protected and snow geese may not be taken in states bordering on the Atlantic, in Idaho, or in

Beaverhead, Gallatin or Madison counties of Montana.

The bag limit on coots is 25 a day, and the possession limits may not at any one time exceed the daily bag limit.

Hunters may use bows and arrows, or shotguns not larger than 10 gauge. The 3-shell limit on repeating shotguns, either hand-operated or auto-loading, is continued, and it is illegal to take waterfowl by means of bait or the use of live decoys or by means, aid, or use of cattle, horses, or mules.

All persons over 16 years of age hunting migratory waterfowl are required to have with them an unexpired Federal Migratory Bird Hunting Stamp validated by their signature on the stamp. These stamps, commonly called duck stamps, may be purchased at post offices. They cost one dollar.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

OTHER MIGRATORY BIRDS

Open Seasons, Bag Limits and Other Rules

WOODCOCK

WOODCOCK may be hunted from sunrise until sunset. The open seasons are as follows, both dates inclusive:

That part of New York lying north of the tracks of the main line of the New York Central Railroad extending from Buffalo to Albany and north of the tracks of the main line of the Boston & Albany Railroad extending from Albany to the Massachusetts State line, and in Vermont and Wisconsin, October 1 to October 15. That part of New York lying south of the line above described and in Connecticut and Indiana, October 15-29. That part of New York lying at Long Island, and in New Jersey and Rhode Island, November 1-15.

Maine, October 3 to October 18; Maine, New Hampshire, and Ohio, October 19 to October 24; Massachusetts, October 20 to November 3; Arkansas and Oklahoma, December 1 to December 15; Louisiana and Mississippi, December 15 to December 29; Delaware and Maryland, November 15 to November 29; Michigan, in Upper Peninsula, October 1 to October 15, and in remainder of Michigan, October 15 to October 29; Pennsylvania, October 24 to November 7; Missouri, November 10 to November 25; Virginia, November 20 to December 4; and West Virginia, October 1 to October 31.

BAG LIMITS—The daily bag limit is 4 and the possession limit is 6.

DOVES

Doves may be hunted from sunrise to sunset. Open seasons on MORNING DOVES are as follows, both dates inclusive:

Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, December 1 to December 30; Arizona, California, Kansas, Nevada, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, September 1 to October 12; Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, and Virginia, September 16 to October 15.

Idaho, September 1 to September 10; Illinois and Missouri, September 1 to September 30; Minnesota, September 16 to September 30; Oregon, September 1 to September 15; Tennessee, October 1 to October 30.

Texas, in Yoakum, Terry, Lynn, Garza, Kent, Stowers, Haskell, Throckmorton, Young, Palf, Plato, Parker, Johnson, Ellis, Kaufman, Van Zandt, Rains, Hopkins, Franklin and Red River counties and all counties north thereof, September 1 to October 12; in remainder of state, September 16 to October 27. (Texas state law further limits open seasons on shooting hours on doves. Consult state regulations.)

The following are the open seasons on WHITE-WINGED DOVES, both dates inclusive:

Arizona, September 1 to September 15, and Texas, September 16 to September 25. (Texas state law further limits open seasons and shooting hours on doves. Consult state regulations.)

BAG LIMITS—The daily bag limit on mourning or turtle doves and white-winged doves is 10.

There are some state exceptions to these federal regulations.

Not more than 10 of either of these species, or of the two together, may be taken on any one day, and the possession limit at any one time may not be more than the daily bag limit.

BAND-TAILED PIGEONS

The open seasons on BAND-TAILED PIGEONS, which may be hunted from sunrise to sunset, are as follows: Arizona, New Mexico, and Washington, September 16 to October 15; California, December 1 to 30; and Oregon, September 1 to 30.

BAG LIMIT: 10 per day, possession limit same.

RAILS AND GALLINULES

The season on GALLINULES and RAILS, excepting coots, is from September 1 to November 30, inclusive, except as follows: Alabama, November 20 to January 31; Louisiana, September 15 to December 15; Maine and Wisconsin, September 26 to December 4; Massachusetts and New York, including Long Island, October 15 to December 23; Minnesota, September 15 to November 30; Puerto Rico, December 15 to February 12; California, District of Columbia, Hawaii, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Tennessee and Washington, no open season.

Rails and Gallinules may be hunted from sunrise to sunset.

Bag limit on Rails and Gallinules, except Sora and Coot: 15 in the aggregate of all kinds. Sora, 15; Coot, 25 per day. Possession limit same as daily bag limit.

SPORTSMAN'S QUIZ

How Many of These 20 Questions Can You Answer?

Try these questions out on yourself and your sportsman friends. There are 20 questions. Count five for each statement that you check correctly. Perfect Score is 100 points. THE KEY IS TO BE FOUND ON PAGE 67.

PREPARED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF SPORTS AFIELD

- The wings of a Quill Gordon fly are supposed to be made from the leathers of which bird, and are usually made from the leathers of which?
 - Woodcock.
 - Teal.
 - Wood duck.
 - Ruffed grouse.
 - Mandarin duck.
- The most accurate pistol or revolver is the:
 - .38 special target model.
 - .22 target revolver.
 - .45 auto.
 - .22 auto pistol.
- Which of the following game animals was also a contemporary of the prehistoric saber-toothed tiger?
 - Mule deer.
 - Bighorn sheep.
 - Pronghorn antelope.
 - Sandhill white-tail deer.
- Two of the breeds of dogs listed below have "double coats." Which are they?
 - Foxhound.
 - Chow.
 - Great Dane.
 - Pekinese.
- If one were using a 12/0 reel, one would probably be fishing for:
 - Trout.
 - Muskellunge.
 - Torpedo.
 - Marlin.
 - Striped bass.
- The Army's Engineer Amphibian Command is interested to men who:
 - Know about operating and repairing small boats.
 - Have made a thorough study of ballistics.
 - Because of experience as animal trainers or zoologists know how to handle reptiles and amphibians.
 - Know the principles of design of larger boats.
- How can you tell the age of game fish in northern waters?
 - By the teeth.
 - By the scales on the lateral line.
 - By the number of rays on the caudal fin.
 - By the number of rings on the scales.
- Which of the following creatures is not cold blooded?
 - Snakes.
 - Whales.
 - Toads.
- The overage black bear when born weighs in the neighborhood of which of the following figures?
 - Fifteen pounds.
 - Ten pounds.
 - Three pounds.
 - One-half pound.
- Bolt action rifles enjoyed great military popularity over a long period principally because:
 - Of the simplicity of the system.
 - Of the strength of this type of action.
 - It is easy to clean and keep in order.
 - The operating process in reloading is on top.
- Bird dogs can be, and have been, trained to point wild deer in their beds:
 - Yes.
 - No.
- Which of the following is out of place in this grouping?
 - Coot.
 - Mudhen.
 - Water chicken.
- The best preservative for gut, to be the leader box is:
 - Pure distilled water.
 - A soda and glycerine solution.
 - Soda alone.
 - Glycerine alone.
 - Diethylene glycol solution (Prestone).
 - Weak carbolic acid.
 - Methylolite solution.
- In the modern iceboard rucabout, the weight of the motor is usually greater than the weight of the boat itself:
 - True.
 - False.
- Hybrids, whether plants or animals, are generally sterile.
 - True.
 - False.
- Some states permit the use of only one hook in fishing. Is the ganghook considered:
 - One hook.
 - Three hooks.
- The gradient on the lead sight of the standard military .30-06 Springfield rifle appears to be sloped sideways or diagonally. This is:
 - To compensate for an optical illusion in shooting at high ranges.
 - To offset the sideward drift of the bullet.
 - A device in estimating windage.
- A certain American game bird, if disturbed when she has young, will remove her brood to a new nest. Is it the:
 - Wilson's snipe.
 - Ruffed grouse.
 - Woodcock.
- Which of these animals fights backwards?
 - Deer.
 - Porcupine.
 - Beaver.
 - Skunk.
- The bald eagle, our National Bird, feeds chiefly on:
 - Game.
 - Fishes.
 - Offal.

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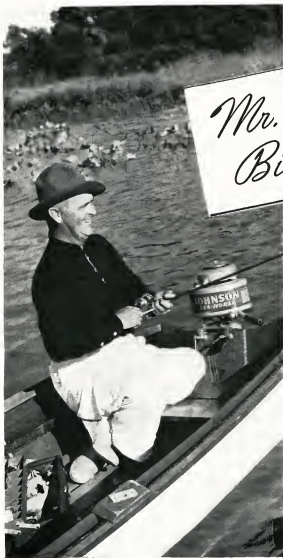
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Room 11, Lake County Chamber of Commerce, Tazewell, Ill.





Mr. Tojo, meet Bill Jones

BILL JONES is the darndest guy. He's nuts about fishin'. Not that there's anything wrong with fishin'—but to hear Bill talk when things are going right, you'd think blue water and a wet line were all that mattered.

Fact is that fishin' merely expresses a way of life for Bill—the American way. It represents freedom to do the things he likes to do—to work for himself and his family as he chooses—and to enjoy the fruits of his labor in any way that suits his fancy.

But Bill's not fishin' so much today. You see, Mr. Tojo, there are some guys across the water whose ideas about a "new order" threaten to change Bill's way of life. Bill doesn't go for that. So Bill (one hundred and thirty million of him) is pitching in as he never has before—in mills and factories and farms and shops and especially in the armed forces. To knock hell out of you, Mr. Tojo, and get back to fishin'.

Here at Johnson (where we'd rather build outboard motors than eat) we have given up all civilian production. Our Bill Joneses are now devoting their entire time, 24 hours a day, to certain precision items which the Army and the Navy need *fast*. But we'll be back at Sea-Horse outboard motors—beautiful models for all the world to copy—as soon as the war is won.

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Luther's car trunk. Note Lloyd's tame guinea fowl, with its finely speckled plumage, among the grouse.

Prairie Chickens

from the LONG GRASS COUNTRY

By GUY W. VON SCHRILTZ

He's good hunting, good eating. He's coming up, but don't crowd him. He gladdens prairie dwellers with his booming love song in the spring, and eats bugs all summer

"Go prairie chicken hunting in eastern Kansas! No, thank you." I wasn't very agreeable about it, I'm afraid.

"Oh, you'll go," Don grinned. "You always do. And . . ."

"And walk 15 miles as I always do," I broke in. "And see six or eight

chickens, as I always do, and get one shot at 95 yards and one at 153, as I always do. No, without further thanks. I'm not going this year."

"Haw! Haw!" Don laughed in my face. "That's what you always say. Why," Don waxed enthusiastic as I expected him to do—as he always does the day before chicken season, "Luther saw over 200 biddies up in the long grass country, scouting around, last Sunday. He's got a new place picked out for our crowd, a good place."

"Oh yeah? I've heard that one too," I said. "Funny how many chickens a scout always sees the day before season opens. And," I hoped

I was sarcastic, "I don't suppose that more than 29 other scouts have picked out that same 'good' spot of Luther's! I won't go, but I tell you what I will do. I'll bet you a blue baby bond that at daylight tomorrow morning there will be a minimum of 21 hunters lined up, elbow-to-elbow, on each side of Luther's 'good' spot beside your gang! On a little hill alongside a prairie trail, isn't it?"

"Why yes, I believe it is," Don admitted.

"At the edge of a square section of hay meadow?"

"Why yes—Why, do you—?"

"And there is a cornfield off at the left, and on the right and down a



That white shirt was certainly a handicap.

slope a field of cane with heads . . .

"No," helpfully. "That corn is on the right, Luther says. But how come you to know so much about it? Luther been . . . ?"

"No," I denied, amused, but just as determined as ever that I was not interested in any prairie chickens. "I've just seen those 'good places' before, that's all. Come down to earth, Don. Use your head a little. You know and I know that every prairie chicken scout in eastern Kansas has seen that 'good place' of Luther's before now,—just like Luther saw it Sunday, so it stands to reason that the usual mob will be on hand in the morning. You won't lack for company."

"We won't," Don corrected me patiently. "Well, so long. We'll be along at two o'clock."

"I won't go."

But I did. Now I really hadn't intended to go. I had meant every word that I had spoken to Don. I was fully determined not to go, in fact, but there's no getting away from it, once you acquire the prairie chicken habit you are a goner.

So there I was, cased cameras close by—and even a gun—when Luther drove up at two o'clock.

"All I hope to get out of this trip is hard work and some pictures," I reminded the other occupants of the car, settling down in the front seat. "Wake me up at Iowa. The other cars are to meet us there for breakfast?"

They were. They did, and after breakfast I snoozed comfortably again until Luther pulled in behind parked cars beside a prairie "divide" road and stopped.

"Oh!" I said, raising up. "The 'good spot,' eh? How many automobiles do I see standing here ahead of us, Don? Forty-three?"

"Darned near it," Luther growled. "And I suppose there are other twin silvers of light coming up behind us?"

"Nine or 19," confirmed Don.

"Well," I settled back down. "I suppose you all might as well get out now and stand in line at the edge of the meadow."

"Meadow!" echoed Luther. "That's no meadow. That's four square sections of long-grass cattle pasture without one graded road through it. And it's lousy with chickens. Why I stood right here, last Sunday, and counted over a hundred. Down in that . . ."

"Then you 90 and nine hunters here could get one apiece! Which way did they go?"

"They came this way. Nearly all of them came up the slope in the same place. That's where we want to be. Get your gun and I'll show you."

And numbskull me, I got my gun.

A dozen men and one woman lined the roadside when we climbed over and then there were 23. For somehow, during the night, our party of nine had increased to 10.

Twelve more cars came up. Five stopped and an approximate two dozen hunters, all volubly disappointed at finding their chosen loca-



Above—Prairie grouse.

Right—Don, Guy, Luther.



Below—As under view.



tion occupied, joined our ranks.

Two of the newcomers released a pair of frisky pointers, which were all over the place and all over everybody immediately.

Now one of my pet convictions, acquired down through many years of prairie chicken hunting, is that a dog that won't heel and stay close and keep, still has no place in my chicken hunt.

Those two nervous, yapping pointers and their two just as nervous, yapping

masters, quite upset all of us, and we were immensely relieved to see them leave, even though their continual racket came back up the slope long after they had departed.

"Move a little left," Luther suggested presently, getting his bearings better in the first hint of dawn.

We edged left. A sudden thunder of wings sent my heart into my mouth and my gun to my shoulder. The roar proved to be bobwhite quail, however—a huge covey of them, which ballooned up all around Luther and me. The shock of that "rise" was something awful.

"You know," Luther confided softly to me, "I just about got me a piece of white meat there!"

Off down in the valley the noisy dogs flushed a chicken.

"A hundred yards ahead of their owners, I'll bet," growled Luther. "What good is that?"

The single came over me so close that I felt the breeze from its wings.

Too early! Again we sighed and lowered our guns.

"I can't stand many more temptations like that," Luther voiced my own sentiments.

TEN MINUTES before it was lawful to do so somebody fired a shot. I would hesitate to accuse the two dog men of breaking any laws, but will say that it sounded to me very much like that first shotgun report came booming back up the same slope down which they and their unruly charges had so recently descended.

"Chickens coming," Luther warned

and I'm no wizard at such things.

Believe it or not, that whole flock passed through that barrage and just one chicken fell! One chicken for 100 shells!

"The day opens true to form," laughed Luther.

Surprised at having seen such a big bunch of chickens after several successive, dry, chickenless seasons, I supposed the morning flight was over and suggested to Luther that we start for the feed fields.

"Wait," directed Luther. "There will be more."

The long line of hunters west of us started across the long-grass pasture.



Above—Luther again.



Left—Guy, the author.



Lonsie, father of Luther, the Scout.

Luther and I stayed put.

A lone chicken got up a hundred yards in front of the line. The low, slanting sun scintillated off its feathers. Twenty guns roared. The chicken went on.

"Ooh! Ooh!" groaned Luther. "Get 'em .30-30 rifles!"

LUTHER'S low whistle brought me up shortly, to see eight chickens volplaning in from the west. They found the gap between us and the hunters, crossed our fronts safely out of range and alighted in a green cane field.

For the first time that day I began having hopes of bagging a chicken.

"Let's go!" I got up.

"Wait!" recommended Luther.

"There's more chickens than that out ahead of that Coxey's army. More may come this way."

More did. Three, five, several singles, a (Continued on page 66)

"Up the slope! Twenty-five or 30 of them."

I didn't see all that Luther saw, but got to my knees and futilely pointed my gun at a nice bunch of chickens at which the entire battalion west of us began blazing away. I keenly enjoyed it all, in spite of the fact that I was only a spectator.

Those chickens weren't 20 feet off the ground. Any one of a dozen hunters in the long line should have bagged his limit of three, then and there. Luther, who is a crack shot, could have. I could have,





Stopping to readjust the packs.

Salmon River Country

By WM. W. GILMORE

NEARLY every one who is interested in big game hunting has heard of the Salmon River country of Idaho and many of us have cherished the fond hope of some day making a trip into its rugged wilderness. I long had wanted a good elk head to add to my trophies and so it was with a feeling of keenest anticipation that I found myself rolling northward up the beautiful Payette River canyon toward the Salmon after loading the car at Nampa, Idaho, with all my duffel and provisions for a two weeks' hunt.

At Cascade the highway leaves the railroad and in the next 80 miles climbs over the Warm Springs summit and down to Yellow Pine. From that rough sawmill town a pair of narrow, rock strewn wheel tracks, that is called a road only through courtesy, climbs over Profile gap, 7,600 feet high and after 26 more miles comes to the last settlement at Big Creek. The store, two houses and a ranger station constitute the town and there I met Lafe Cox who was to be my guide on the trip. We soon had my stuff transferred into his light high axle pick-up truck and my car parked with radiator drained and were started on down the 18 miles of double trail that serves as a canyon road. It finally brought us to the old Snowshoe mine, where our pack string was waiting.

The next morning in a drizzling rain Lafe got the packs loaded. With our oil skins rusting, we climbed on our saddle horses. Baldy, a spotted mongrel

dog with a patch of white hair on one side of his head and baleful blue eyes, brought up the rear.

As we plodded over Crooked Creek summit, the rain turned to snow and that night at Cottonwood meadows we scraped away a six-inch fall to make a place to set up our tent. It was a cold camp. Next evening, going down Hungry Creek toward the main Salmon, Lafe and I came across a tent that we found belonged to the two Currie brothers from Salmon City. They were old friends of Lafe's and as they had already bagged their two elk we decided to stop right there and make our camp.

IN THE morning we started out with the Currie boys. They took three of their pack horses back up the trail to bring in their elk. We went on then and hunted all that day and I scared up three beautiful four-point mule bucks but we were looking for elk and did not want to take a chance on scaring any that might be around, by unnecessary shooting.

We finally ran across a couple of cow elk and a little later I spotted a young

In spite of the fact that the author met and conquered a trophy mule deer, a grownup coyote, a bad billy goat and a big bull elk, Baldy, the cur dog, is the hero of this yarn

bull lying under a low branched fir. He was only a forked horn and I wanted a big head so we watched him for a couple of minutes, then deliberately walked into his sight. He was up in a flash, ran a hundred yards, then turned and stood and looked at us. After a moment he let out a peculiar yelping cry—a short, sharp bark such as you might expect from a dog or a coyote. He repeated this weird call several times, then ran off down the mountain still complaining in his own strange way about having his siesta disturbed.

We saw plenty of tracks but no more elk that day and so went back to camp and to a big supper of elk steaks that Keith Currie had waiting for us.

Early the next morning we were on our way again but it was after 10 o'clock before our saddle horses could take us up to the top of the high ridge where we had seen so many signs of game. We were skirting a small opening at the upper end of a steep canyon when Lafe turned to me:

"I'm going to try to start something



The town of Big Creek, Idaho.

—listen!" With that he uttered a long, shrill scream—drawn out to a wail at the end. He stopped and we both stood silent.

Suddenly, from far below in the thick balsam fir of the canyon, came an answering call—a high pitched, clear note that floated out on the still mountain air like a blast from a trumpet. Its tone wavered a bit, then drew out with a somewhat lower pitch into a long, eerie shriek that gradually sank to a rasping, guttural roar.

IT WAS the bugling of a bull elk. Hearing it for the first time left me with nerves tingling. We got off and tied our horses and started working our way down the canyon through the thick brush toward the point from which the sound seemed to come. It was tough going and try as we might our progress was far from quiet. Soon we heard the bugled challenge again and we knew our bull was still waiting. After a few more minutes we heard a commotion far down the canyon and from an opening in the trees saw a little train of three cow elk followed by a big bull walk calmly out of a grove of poplars and over the shoulder of a ridge out of sight.

We followed as best we could but the steep sides of the canyon and thick brush soon brought a change of plan and we climbed painfully back to where we had left our horses. Till well into the afternoon we searched the mountain canyons. Lafe Cox gave his call, but to no avail. We had turned campward again when the guide motioned to me and pointed. I followed his finger and saw a big mule buck grazing peacefully among the reddish boles of a clump of giant

yellow pine.

"If you want a good deer head—there's one you ain't likely to beat on this trip!" he said.

I looked at the basket-like antlers and, realizing that we were through looking for elk for that day, I decided to get the deer.

Slipping off my horse, I gave Lafe the reins and moved over so a great tree trunk would be between the deer and me. Then I stepped softly toward the buck and with an occasional peek to see where he stood and quick shifts to gain the protection of still another



tree while his head was down. I crept closer till there was not over 40 yards between us. As yet the buck had sensed no danger, but just as I steadied my .30-06 Winchester against the last tree trunk and got his gray shoulder in my 'scope, he lifted his head with a startled jerk. I squeezed. Even though in three quick bounds he was over the brow of the hill, he leaped too late. I rushed after him and came to the edge of the hill just in time to see him go down in a heap not over 20 yards away. We cleaned him out, took some pictures and left him there on the hillside until we could come back after him with the pack horses.

We were well on our way back toward camp when we came to a place where the trail skirted a grassy knoll beyond which we could see the tops of some tall fir trees. Lafe pulled up and motioned to me to dismount. "Let's take a look over this hill," he said.



Poppy Cox at Big Creek.

At Cottonwood Meadows.

We left the horses with reins hanging and closely followed by Baldy who was always at our heels,

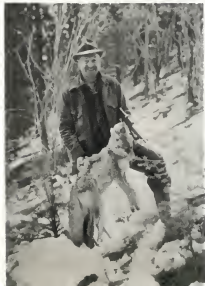
we started around the knoll. We were just out of sight of the horses when suddenly a big black bear loomed up in front. He was coming our way and was as surprised to see us as we were to see him. I had covered my 'scope lenses with their leather caps to keep out the rain and now I hurriedly tried to snatch them off, watching the bear at the same time. Lafe called to the dog.

"Get him, Baldy—go after him!"

THE dog seemed uncertain for a moment, then made a quick dash at the bear. Baldy let out a few querulous barks. Then, when the bear turned to snarl at him, he wheeled and with tail between his legs he dashed madly back toward the horses. While the guide was still cussing at Baldy, I managed to get my rifle up and pointed toward the now rapidly fleeing bear.

He still was not more than 50 yards away, but I couldn't get him into the field of my telescope sight. While I looked along the barrel to locate the bear, the animal dashed into a clump of firs and was gone. Telescope sights have their good points but for quick shots at close range I'll take open sights. That evening at camp I took off the 'scope and put back the old re-

Writer Gilmore with coyote.





Lefe Cox, guide, and Wm. W. Gilmore.



Camp on way out of Selmon Canyon.



Baldy, the cur dog, leads the train.

ceiver sight that came with the Winchester when I bought it.

Two long days of hunting had gone by and still no elk in the bag, so next morning we were up the mountain again with the pack horses to get the

big buck. When we came up to him we found that a magpie had pecked a small hole in the skin just at the point of the jaw. Since it easily could be patched in mounting, I left Lefe to skin and load the buck and I went on

over the ridge after my elk.

All that day I plodded on alone, saw plenty of tracks and late in the afternoon ran across another forked horn bull with four young cows—but no big bull, and I was determined not to use my elk tag on anything but a trophy head. It was getting late and I was working back toward where Lefe was to meet me when I stopped for a moment in a clump of lodge pole pines, listening and watching in the waning hope for some sign of elk.

Suddenly there was a soft crunching patter in the snow below me and I saw a grey form slipping stealthily through the trees and brush not 50 yards away. It was a full brown coyote, resplendent in his winter fur. He had not seen me but some subtle sense warned him of danger. He stopped, but my rifle barked and the coyote was mine. His skin will make a lovely "red fox" collar for my daughter's winter coat.

On our way back to camp I had an idea which really turned out to be an inspiration. I proposed to Lefe that as soon as we got to camp he should load a pack horse with my sleeping bag and enough grub for a couple of quick meals and take me back up to the top of the ridge we had worked the first day. I would sleep there and be out at dawn and perhaps in that way be the early bird that would get the worm. Lefe agreed and by dark we were back on top—a good hour's hard climb above our camp.

I SPREAD the bag between two monster pines and, as my guide started back down the canyon toward camp, I ate my cold supper and watched the shadows turn into black gobins. Being alone on a mountain top on a starry night is an experience everyone should know. I slept as peacefully as I have ever slept in my own suburban home.

At dawn I was up. By the time it was light enough to see my sights, I had eaten the sandwich and had drunk the tomato juice that constituted my breakfast. Then I started stealthily out toward the tree-studded opening that crowned the saddle of the ridge. I had gone not more than 200 yards when a quarter of a mile away across the flat I saw a tawny brown shape move between two trees and disappear under the shoulder of the hill. It was headed in my direction, but quartering to my left, so I started on the run to get to the edge of the ridge where I could see. If my luck held, I could head off whatever was on the move.

Panting and breathless, I slowed down and crawled the last few yards. When I raised my head to look over a fallen log, there, less than 100 yards from me, seven cow elk were moving, followed by a mighty antlered bull. I

noticed the easy spring of his neck as he carried those magnificent horns. The thrill of the realization that here was a trophy that was worthy of my best efforts made my heart leap.

I waited, tense, as the little train moved steadily along. They were getting closer with each step and I lowered my .30-06 until the big, brown body filled the opening of my receiver sight. I squeezed the trigger. At the report, the bull shuddered and hesitated, then started to run. I shot again and he stumbled and caught himself from falling. With the third shot he went down. The cows, which had been milling about, although they were too startled to run, rushed off.

The bull struggled to get to his feet, so I shot again. The 180-grain soft point bullets had done their work, however. He rolled over and slid down the hill a few feet and lay still. I went up and counted the points. There were five monster prongs on each horn, with a massive beam and beautiful symmetrical spread. I bled him and then walked back to where I had left my sleeping bag, got my camera and wrote a note for Lafe.

It was 9:30 when the guide came up with the string of horses.

"I sort of thought you'd get him this morn'g, so I brought along the pack horses to save time," he drawled with a smile.

That night we held a council and decided to go after a mountain goat in the few days that we had left. There are some beautiful specimens on the cliffs that rise above the greenish waters of the Salmon. If you have the time and the stamina to go after them, they make trophies that are worthy of all the admiration that they inspire.

So, after a long day of loading pack saddles and plodding over steep trails across snow blanketed ridges and out through wind swept canyons, we found ourselves at the end of a trail on a bleak shoulder of a mountain where we could look down into the twisting canyon of the Salmon and survey the rocky crags that walled it in.

We hunted up the canyon next day, climbing down and back over the cliffs till late in the afternoon with only weary muscles and lowering spirits to show for our work. We were back at our camp by four o'clock and Lafe suggested that while he got a fire going and melted some snow for camp water I take a look over the edge of the canyon on the lower side of our mountain.

Although I was more than ready to call it a day, I stumbled across to the break of the edge and let myself down the slope to a ledge where I sat down to study the rocks below. After about five minutes I thought I saw a big



Gilmore and his nice male deer buck.



Deer and elk meet on the hooks of camp.



Here are trophies—deer, goat, elk.

white boulder far down the canyon start to move. I watched—surely it was changing position. Then I saw it was a goat—a white bundle that at the distance looked much like the rocks and patches of snow that lay all

about it.

All at once I forgot my weariness. I scrambled and slid down the cliffs keeping the jutting rocks between me and the goat, picking my way as best I could. (Continued on page 52)

Big EYES

The woodcock is here today and, after a heavy frost, probably gone tomorrow

By TRACY HAMMOND LEWIS

WHEN I was hunting woodcock in New Jersey a good many years ago, one of our party was a voluble Frenchman who thought the two most absorbing things in life were mushrooms and woodcock.

It would take more than he had to present to get me in a dither about mushrooms. They have very little verve and vivacity about them and even less savor *faire*. Even when eating them I have never been entirely able to rid my cowardly mind from the thought that one in the savory dish might be a toadstool—and how the wife would take on after I was gone.

My attention perked up a bit when he showed me his huge cave-like cellars with their endless rows of black loam and ghostly mushrooms ranging in size from that of a pin-head to big puff balls that would tip the scales I believe (although don't take my word for it) at four or five pounds.

"Some fun!" I said, after he had given me much data about their sex life and other details with which I will not bother you.

From this hobby he switched to the inexplicable mystery of the woodcock. At this point I really got aboard with him for, say what you will about mushrooms, I think there is nothing in bird life that is more intriguing than this little brown hobgoblin of the woods, excepting possibly the Killyloo bird that flies backward because he'd rather see where he's been rather than where he is going.

What baffled my Frenchman the most—for food—is one of his greater passions in life—was bow the little fellow ate.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER J. WILWERDING

"Eet is suppose," he stated, "that these bird she live on worms—but how can he be so?" he went on to ask, taking one of the birds we had shot that day. "Examine if you please, her throat. Is it that a worm can find his way through that small opening? Non, non, non! It is impossible. Only little germs—not worms—can such a little throat handle and here it is what this so funny bird she do—she stick her long bill in the mud and suck and suck and suck until she get full of little germs."

Whether or not the Frenchman was correct in his theory about germs (which would seem a rather meagre diet for such a plump little rascal) I do most heartily agree that the woodcock is one of the strangest of our feathered friends.

If you have never met one, it is to be hoped, for your sake, that it happens in one of your soberer moments for you will otherwise surely think you have the willies. His body is about 11 inches long and so perfectly is he matched with the dead leaves in



which he is crouching that it takes a trained eye to discern him. What will first attract your attention are his round black eyes—about the size of glistening shoe buttons set well towards the rear of his head. Once having located him you will see that his breast is a light orange brown and his back a blend of autumn browns, russet and gray with the latter in streaks on his wings and back. On both sides of his breast are black spots. On the top of his head are little black patches, separated by narrow bars of gray.

His bill is very long—more than two inches—the flexible upper part being longer than the lower and works like a finger. His legs are short and stout, his body chunky. His tail is broad and abbreviated. All in all, if there were any feathered gnomes wandering around in the woods, he might well be one of them.

He weighs from eight to 13 ounces, and here's one for the book—the female is always considerably larger than the male—a condition which has had, as far as one can observe, no deleterious effect upon their domestic relations. It may be one of the reasons though why, in the egg season, he raises no effective objection to sitting on the nest (merely a depressed

"... Waited near a bush, looking quite housewifely and demure, her plump brown body and round eyes glistening under our headlights."



"She stick her long bill in the mud and suck and suck and suck until she get full of little germs."

form in the leaves) while the old girl goes off for a gossip with the neighbors and an angle-worm sandwich.

It is hard to predict when and where you will find him. He's here today and—perhaps after a heavy frost—gone tomorrow. His principal range is eastern North America—breeding from northern Michigan, southern Manitoba, southern Quebec and Nova Scotia and as far south as northern Florida, southern Missouri, the Ohio Valley and southern Kansas. He winters from southern Missouri, the Ohio Valley, New Jersey and as far south as Florida and Texas.

WHEN the flight is on—and the whim may strike him overnight or even during the night, as he is a nocturnal bird—he seems to favor Nova Scotia, New Jersey and Connecticut although there is other good woodcock shooting along the Atlantic seaboard as well.

He likes marshy land, overgrown

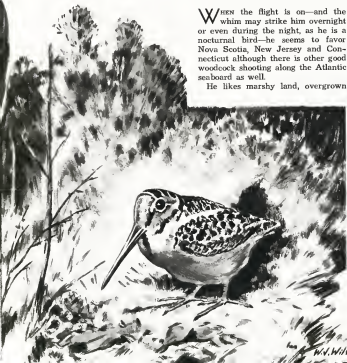
with willows, alders and birch where he may feed at night on worms—unless you wish to substitute the germ theory of my Frenchman—but he has fooled many a hunter who doesn't know his stuff by selecting the sunny side of a wooded hill for his daytime repose. I have even seen one of the gentry on the edge of Columbia University's South Field, a score of years ago and occasionally I would find one in back of my house at Great Neck, Long Island, only 16 miles from New York.

White spats on the leaves among the swamp alders reveal his presence and you'd better take him while you may for old *Phalaropus minor* is soon a-fleeing. If he is a flight bird he may only stop overnight although he may stretch his visit for weeks. It is hard to tell ahead of time just what this little bird of mystery will do.

Of one thing you may be sure. Wherever or whenever you find him he will provide rare sport. When first flushed he may twist away at a rate somewhat less than a quail, usually with a whistling noise that helps the gunner locate him. At other times, however, he speeds away on hushed wings as silently as an owl, although I sometimes wonder whether my observation on this point is not due to my growing deaf as the years whiz by.

He lies close to a point and except for his disconcerting habit of twisting in the air, sometimes just as you are about to shoot, he often offers a not too difficult target.

PERHAPS it is because of this that some sportsmen have a tendency to discount, in a rather lofty manner, the ability required to make a good score on Mr. Timberdoodle. I have shot with some of those babies and have learned a surprising number of reasons for their misses on the particular day I happened to be out with them. (Continued on page 53)



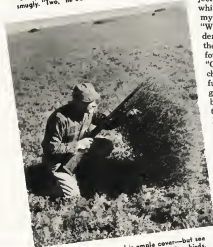
The DEACON

But the wily honkers took a lot of hunting before they succumbed to the deacon's perfect decoy setup

By BERT POPOWSKI



"Did you get any?" I asked. The Deacon smiled smugly. "Two," he admitted, his grin broadening.



A mammoth tumble weed is ample cover—but see that the bleached side faces the incoming birds.



The Deacon even had me swabbing on black paint—and actually professing a liking for the job.

IT ALL began in a basement. I'd made a social call on Morgan "Deacon" Drake, but his wife shooed me to the basement, where he wrestled an obstreperous stoker. While he shoveled coal back into the bin and built a new fire, I prowled through a cabinet in which he houses his hunting paraphernalia. The abject limpness of a half dozen white muslin cutouts caught my eyes.

"What're these?" I wondered, smoothing one into the faint semblance of a fowl outline.

"Goose decoys," shortly, chopping another handful of kindling. "When I get 'em finished I'll be bringing in geese every time I go out."

My ears and eyebrows both perked up at such confidence. I've killed a few geese, but never over decoys, and I was willing to be shown. There remained the small matter of an invitation, but a judicious application of derisive small talk mended that lack in short order. He even offered to desert his Sunday school class on the opening Sabbath of the season, less than a fortnight

away. The available geese would be locals, raised in some game refuge, but they'd test the decoys and might even yield some pictures! So I accepted the boastful invitation with alacrity.

Saturday evening I attended a social soiree that completely erased the morrow's plans from mind. But I recalled them as I was climbing into the hay. Then ensued a wild scramble for shells, kodak film and sufficient where-withal for the inner man. With the alarm set for four o'clock I drowsed off, secure in the knowledge that my license was safely bedded in a hunting shirt pocket.

When I tumbled out, in the pre-dawn darkness, a light wind was slashing at the trees outside my open window. But the sky was clear of clouds and the stars winked out a message of a coming "blue bird" day—fine for lazing in the sun but hardly conducive to a memorable shoot of water-fowl.

And that's the way it proved. Though the vast majority of the birds were yearlings, they flew high and flared at every suspicious figure beneath them. Mallards, especially, gave us a wide berth—though we were bedded so snugly in the stubble that I had to come to my knees to sight the Deacon, some 60 yards downwind. He wooed the passing flocks with vocal blandishment, but none of them acknowledged the invitation.

At 11 o'clock the cannonading dwindled off as hunters sought their lunches in preparation for an afternoon with the ringnecks. The Deacon was no exception and, in self defense,

Faced into a brisk wind, the decoys amply fulfilled the exacting expectations of the Deacon.



GOES GOOSIN'

I joined him in the trek to the car and the load of mid-day nourishment it carried. Replete with sandwiches and coffee, we shucked out heavy goose-loads and dug into shell boxes filled with low-pressure ammunition. Plenty stout for pheasants.

OUR quota of ringnecks fell in short order and we drove to a spot some five miles removed from the Sand Lake Game Refuge and waited for the gabbling honkers to come out. We passed up the first flock or two to let the birds point the way to a favored grazing field—lush with its second growth of barley, yet cropped close enough so no enemy could sneak up within a half-dozen gunshots without every goose in the flock being able to see it.

Once that field was located we spent little time in watching other flocks of the great birds come pitching down into it. Hightailing back to town, we laid plans for the morrow's early morning shoot, killing countless limits of birds while sitting that hurtling, homeward-bound car. But the next morning we watched flock after flock trail by, out of gunshot, their wild musical honking strangely derisive.

That's the way it was for three consecutive weekends. We got limit after limit of pheasants and even crowded the limit of the speedy and elusive Hungarians. Mallards, too, fell victim to the Deacon's vocal cajolery, and swung into a withering fire from our corn shock blinds. But geese? No. Not one! Not even a shot.

One morning a flock swung directly overhead, about 80 yards away, and I was sorely tempted to reach for it. Nervously I fingered a couple of pet loads of 0 buckshot. But if they came in that close, I reasoned, they might swing and come in. They might; but

in this instance they kept right on going and we never did sight them again.

"One of us isn't living right," challenged the Deacon as we morosely munched our lunch that noon. "Seems as if the law of averages would get us into some birds after so many failures."

"They tell me that if you want to catch fish or bag any game you have to be smarter than the game," I twitted. "After so many failures I'd think you'd get wise to yourself. Even Charley McCarthy would know enough to stick to pheasants or Huns—or mallards."

"I'll shoot a goose if it takes all fall," he gritted. "And I hope it falls on that thick head of yours. Or maybe I don't; it might damage the goose!"

Came a Sunday when the shooting hour had advanced well beyond seven o'clock. The uneasy wind had settled down to a purposeful direction and drifted a curtain of clouds against the blue dome sky. As we unloaded the decoys and set them up we heard countless wings of refuge-bound mallards, getting in later than usual.

We were making our setup some miles from the Sand Lake (Cont'd on page 48)



A maslin gander gets a reroaching calculated to make him irresistible to any flying goose.



The writer exhibits his mixed bag of a Hutchins and a snow goose, sometimes called a waway.

Wrong. This decoy huddle gives the effect of frightened birds and will lure very few geese.



The flight was over for that morning, the feeding field "burned out" for any further shooting.



High and primitive, the Absaroka Range region, Montana, is good stamping ground for anglers, camera men or any mountain climbing sportsmen

In the Boulder River area, where deer and black bear are found.

Absaroka

By ORMAL I. SPRUNGMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE WRITER

How would you like to wake up some morning and find yourself part owner of one and a quarter million acres of the finest national forest lands you've ever played in? One and a quarter million acres of alpine crags, tailor-made for pack-tripping, mountain climbing, hunting and fishing. Eleven hundred miles of peak-girdling scenic trails for saddle horses and world-weary boots. Countless nameless lakes affluted with surface-busting trout.

Out in south central Montana, where hatchet-waving Redskins once yelled bloody murder at stampeding buffalo, you can stake your claim. Just fetch down your creel, camera or scattergun, and help yourself to a lot of fun.

I had my first look-in on Absaroka (natives pronounce it—ab-sore-kee) almost a decade ago. Hungry for trout, we had gone up into the Shields country, one of the four ranger districts that make up the Absaroka National Forest, to pick up the horse outfit for a day's ride into the Crazy Mountains. For three hours we splashed across streams, dodged dead limbs, and did some fancy saddle born clinging to prevent downhill somersaults and uphill backflips.

At the end of the trail rose a gigantic slope of yellowish slide rock, and it was here that we abandoned our horses for another two-hour over-the-

peak scramble on foot. I'll never forget the spine-tingling tramp up the steep, not-too-firm boulder bed, and the first glimpse of the opposite slope from the hog's back. Far below in handy hollows nestled half dozen of the greenest, prettiest mountain pools I have ever seen. It was worth the six blistering hours of riding and hiking just to soak one's boots in the snow-

fed waters, and to flip a fly at the dark, scale-covered shadows that frisked about near the surface.

Today, thanks to Forest Service trail crews, you can horse-back or hike right over the Crazies with little danger of getting a slide rock pouncing. Nor has the cutting of trails caused a depletion in fishing, for easier accessibility has also meant



Before the Forest Service took over, it took a hard ride on horseback and a stiff climb over a peak in the Crazy Mountains to produce these Absaroka trout, but it was worth the hardship.

better and more frequent stocking of wilderness ponds.

The Shields district, composed of some 233,000 acres, has 235 miles of trails. Its mountain scenery is exceptional, featuring such attractions as Grasshopper Glacier,*



Buck Augustin, of the Forest Service at Livingston and partner of the author on a climb to Pine Creek Lake nearly two miles up, sets up his camera to get a scenic shot.

Riding the high places in Hellroaring, one of Montana's wildest regions, and practically perfect country for angler, wildlife photographer or hunter alike.

Snow Cave, and numerous beautiful lakes—Sunlight, Smeller, Swamp, Granite, Thunder and Blue Lakes—all noted for their trout fishing. Deer are plentiful in several areas, and black bear are also found.

Distinct from the rugged formations of other mountain ranges outlying the Rockies, the Crazy Mountains are claimed by geologists to be relatively young. One glacier and remnants of several others are biding their time in the higher divides, and even fossil beds and a petrified forest along the

southwestern boundary are found. Six of Absaroka's principal peaks rear up out of the Crazyes to altitudes varying from 10,800 to 11,178 feet.

The Boulder country, site of lofty crags and alpine lakes, has 225 miles of trails in its 286,000 acres. Here elk are not so numerous, and grizzlies are few, but deer and black bear are found in sizable numbers. Fishing is best in West Boulder Lake, Rainbow Lakes, the crystal clear Boulder River. There is an unique natural bridge formation over one stretch of the Boulder.

Second largest in area is the Yellowstone district, north of Yellowstone Park itself, with 375 miles of trails cut through 305,000 acres of forest land. In this vicinity are found the fortune-bearing Emigrant Gulch gold mines, and the noted mineral springs of Chico and Montanapolis. Here are also the buffalo jumps of Indian days, when Redskins drove herds of animals off low bluffs, shooting the survivors with stone-pointed arrows.

TO THE sportsman, however, the Yellowstone district is particularly inviting, for here hunters will find deer, bear and elk. Principal lakes are Elbow, Thompson and Pine Creek, reached chiefly by pack horse or on foot.

Twice in recent years I have packed back to the Thompson Lake camp, and not once have I been disappointed with either the scenery or the fishing. Both times we went in by way of Mill Creek, an easy day's ride over a route that is strikingly beautiful.

There is no campsite on forest-hemmed Thompson Lake, but an excellent grassy clearing is located a quarter mile beyond, which is ideal for grazing the horses, as well as setting up the tent. An icy brook flows by the camp to provide good drinking water, and this empties into the diminutive Thompson, noted for its cutthroat fishing. Fishing is done mainly with flies, and it is not at all unusual to take doubles on a single cast.

The pack trail almost touches the lake edge at one spot, and here you can sit atop your horse and flip out a gray hackle or a black gnat, and fetch in your (Continued on page 49)



High is the Crazy Mountains trout swim about not singly, but in schools. Six of Absaroka's principal peaks rear up out of the Crazyes to altitudes varying from 10,800 to 11,178 feet.

*Not to be confused with the Grasshopper Glacier north of Cody, Montana.

DURING my lifetime as a hunter, I have made my share of misses; and, supposing the gun and the ammunition to be all right, such performances are the fault of the hunter. What makes us miss? Is it luck that enables us to hit what we shoot at? I am going to try to give some reasons why men miss game, drawing my material partly from own experience, and partly from my observation of the missing of others. It might be well for me to give a regular list of reasons; but I am not claiming that there may not be causes other than those listed.

I. Hunters sometimes miss because they have an imperfect knowledge of their game, are surprised

SO YOU MISSED HIM!

A man's senses are not equal to those of wild game. Game is constantly alert; unless the hunter is also, he is no match for it.

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

when they see it, uncertain if that is supposed to be what they are to shoot at, and finally vainly let drive after the critical moment for shooting has passed. This trouble is common to all amateurs, and I have observed it in good hunters when they were after a new kind of game. It is perfectly amazing how many men who go deer hunting with me ask me what a deer looks like. I knew one such to get all set to shoot one of my negro drivers, mounted on a white horse.

On one occasion I was on a big deer hunt, when off to my left I heard a shot. At the same time a hound set up a yowling. Investigating, I found that the stander had let the buck pass, and had shot the hound that was following it.

One day, as I was posting an amateur on a deer crossing, I told him that a flock of wild turkeys was using that particular drive, and he had better be on the alert for one. He asked me what a wild turkey looked like. Between us and the thicker part of the drive there was a stretch of lowbush huckleberry bushes.

"If you see a long, black, snakelike head and neck above those bushes, it's likely a turkey."

Not long thereafter I heard him shoot. Again a hound set up a wail. One old dog had come through the bushes, his

tail waving above them, and my friend had simply ruined this dog's tail. The other boys on the hunt rode him a good deal, telling him that they were going to feed him hound's tail soup.

Depend upon it, the man who knows his game is less likely to miss than one whose knowledge is vague. He not only identifies the animal or bird immediately but he knows its ways,—especially its maneuvers to escape. I believe many men miss because they underestimate the wild intelligence, the speed, the willingness to

II. When I talk of missing, I do not have in mind failing to hit a chipmunk or a chipping sparrow. I mean something important; the kind of game which, had you killed it, would have made your wife forgive you for spending so much time in the woods away from her.

A second reason for missing is inattention. When the chance comes, the hunter is not ready. And such an opportunity usually comes fast and goes fast. Game is constantly alert; and unless the hunter is also, he is no match for it. I have never known a man whose senses were equal to those of wild game. Only recently I put a man on what I told him was a buck stand. He was on an old sandy road. The day was bright and warm. I left him with the admonition not to move and to look out. Ten minutes later I heard him shoot. On reaching him, he gave me a foolish look. Just in front of where he had been sitting was a sand-house he had spent his time in building. He said he looked up from this work, and saw a 10-point buck just across the road. By the time he could get his hands out of the sand, and his gun up, the buck was too far. He shot, but there was no result.

The most successful hunters I have



known are men who, when they have gun in hand, are intent on nothing but the business for which they left home. They are eternally vigilant. My experience with wild game has taught me that the chances are in favor of its making out the hunter before he sees it. I should say that this is always true if he is walking.

Attention in hunting would certainly include the ability to keep still. It is a real art to fade noiselessly and unseen into one's surroundings. I have known many a hunter to smoke on a deer crossing, to walk up and down, to fidget, and even to read a newspaper. That sort of thing is life insurance for an old buck. You may, indeed, do all the things mentioned and not damage your chance, because the chance didn't happen to occur when you were thus sinning. But if the chance had occurred, you would have been in no position to take advantage of it.

III. It is a fact that there is always

a critical moment at which game offers you a chance to kill it. Some hunters miss because they shoot before that moment; some because they shoot after it. They are either too slow or too fast. When I say "miss," I do not mean that you may not wound the thing, but that your shot is ineffective in that you do not get what you shoot at.

Not long ago I posted an amateur deer hunter on what is a favorite stand. Moreover, I told him to wait until the deer came to him. I knew it would if one were in the drive. As I had the next stand, and as the woods were open, I could see all that happened. A fine buck was started, and he headed directly for my friend. As we were hunting in a country where a shotgun is used for deer, and as its killing range is rarely over 60 yards, the man should have waited until the buck came within 30 yards before beginning to operate on him.

He had a seven-shot pump-gun. What was my dismay when he turned on the artillery at full 200 yards. Just before he fired his last shell, the buck came within range. He was never touched. He never changed his course. He ran within 20 feet of the hunter, who was then trying frantically to reload his gun. Had he but waited quietly, he could have killed the buck with the first shot. It pays to wait quietly.

I have noticed a tendency among

fast shooters to shoot at a sound. When a quail or a grouse gets up, they are likely to blaze away in a general fashion. Ears are all right; but a hunter cannot take aim with them.

A tendency to shoot too slowly is as fatal a weakness as to shoot too fast. Game comes within sight; the hunter aims; then he reaims; then trees or brush intervene; then he aims again; he shifts the muzzle of his gun back and forth. Determined not to miss, he is so intent on covering the bird or animal that he forgets that it is getting out of range. I once saw a man hold his gun on a flying wild turkey until the bird was 150 yards off, whereupon he blazed forth; then he cursed the gun. He should have kicked himself. He ought to say to himself: "Keeping my sight on game isn't going to help me to kill it unless I pull the trigger while it is within good range."

IV. Then there is the hunter who never seems

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY
WALTER
HASKELL
HINTON

"As the hunter was pulling the trigger, the buck stopped."

to remember that there is a sight on his gun. Years ago I began to use double sights; and they are invaluable, for they keep a man from making the fatal error of putting the sight on game, yet not having the gun on it.

Double sights compel a man to level the gun to exactly the proper angle for the shot. They are the sure cure for overshooting and undershooting.

Hunters sometimes miss because they really do not aim carefully; and that may mean in some cases that they fail to get the sight actually on the game; it also may mean that no allowance was made for angles or speed. I suppose nothing but long experience will teach a man how to lead his game. As his time for doing so is often very limited, he must develop an instinct for it. I have missed a good many ruffed (Continued on page 40)





"Here come some bleetjacks," Hutton warned, as Guide Murty talked on his treised duck call.

Wings Over the Willows

By FRANCIS C. ZUIKER

Duck hunting and duck calling on the Illinois River bottoms

THE SKY was still overcast, with a raw tang in the air, when I pulled up on a high hill near Channahon, and got my first view of the Illinois River. But I saw no ducks. For a moment I was a little surprised, because for a week the papers had been raving about the vast thousands of ducks along the Illinois bottoms. Satisfied at last that the river wasn't covered with them, I opened up the old Chev and lit out for Henry.

Now anyone in Illinois who hunts ducks knows about Henry. This is the part of the Illinois River that spews out ducks by the thousands, just after four o'clock, during the hunting season. I got there before dark, looked up Ray Poole, who operates a couple of blinds.

"Sure, the boys have been getting their limits—but I'm loaded up for a week," he said cheerfully. "But come along. I'll show you some ducks."

I went and I saw. Thousands of ducks in small flocks, mostly mallards, were flying up and back from New-hallen Lake to the Illinois River. The sight was enough to make my heart skip a few beats. I lit out for Sparland, a dozen miles farther down the river. Sparland has one of the state-owned shooting grounds on the Illinois River, and I was on it before

sun-up the next morning.

Now if you are a veteran duck hunter, you can just about guess what happened. I had no decoys. I didn't know where to find the blinds which were supposed to be scattered throughout the thousand or so acres of willows and brush that lined the river. I was alone, and the sun elected to shine very brilliantly—and the wind elected to blow very briskly.

It was quite a party I had out there. Ducks, mostly wood ducks now, were clipping it off up and down the river. Bluehills and a smattering of mallards were going to town a little higher up, but all I did was watch very excitedly,

and pull like the devil to keep from being swamped by the waves. There was a time when I tied up the boat and climbed up a tree to see what the devil was going on.

"Here's a widgeon for you," fireman Hutton grinned, showing his duck.

A furious bombardment had opened up around me. All I saw was hunters shooting at ducks far out of range. I moved out of there at noon. Then the search began in earnest.

THERE are a number of towns on the Illinois river that all spell ducks to Illinois hunters. Places like Chillicothe, Bath, Havana, Browning and Beardstown.

I went through them all without finding out anything definite. I saw miles of flooded cornfields, acres of flooded willows and intermittent rafts of ducks. I went through Browning without knowing it was a town, and then I came into Beardstown, practically the end of the duck line.

It was beginning to get dark outside now and I was getting to the end of my rope. I tackled a gas station attendant. He sent me to a cafe—from there it was a tavern (always a good spot for information) and from there I went back to Browning. By now

I began to feel like a detective, so I went to the only spot that held a light in the town—another gas station.

"Have you ever heard of anyone shooting a duck in these parts?" I asked sarcastically.

The old-timer grinned good-naturedly. "Go right inside. Murky in there might have."

I knew my guest was over as soon as I opened the door of the little lunch room. The first guy I saw was a rugged, weather-beaten six-footer, who looked as close to being a guide as I ever saw. His boots had seen better days. His coat was as faded and weather-beaten as his face. His





It took Murky quite a while to lay out the 60 odd decoys in front of the blind.

eyes held a twinkle that only a satisfied hunter's could hold.

"Know where I might be able to shoot a duck?" I asked, a little more moderately this time.

Murky looked me over slowly and grinned. "If you're around here about six tomorrow, I think I can show you a lot of ducks to shoot at."

It was a long time before six, when I arrived at the gas station the next morning, but already the place was overrun with hunters and pushers. By the time the darkness was fading in the east, Murky had his big outboard roaring. The long boat, loaded with decoys, guns and hunters, dodged in and out of the flooded forest, toward Spring Hole.

There are a lot of strange places where men hunt ducks, but this one was by far the strangest I had ever seen. The woods, now under 12 feet of water because of heavy rains, loomed around us. Ducks started appearing as soon as it became light. From the rattle of talk around me, I judged that each flock was a different kind. For awhile, the trail through the brush resembled the Amazon

River more than an Illinois slough, but after a series of wild maneuverings, Murky at last pulled to a stop in front of a big brush blind.

It took quite a while to lay out the 60 odd decoys. The sun was just peeking out of the acres of water, however, when we settled down. Walter Hutton, a Waukegan, Illinois, fireman, was my partner for the morning.



Usually a slough, now an enormous lake.

Like all duck hunters, he could swap yarns as long as my own, I discovered.

We hadn't been settled more than a few minutes when Murky opened up. Ducks had been flying up and down continuously, but now, as he talked on his trained duck call, a small flock started to swing in. I watched them set their wings, come over the decoys wide, and swing behind us. The next moment Murky whispered quickly,

"Looks like a little of everything," Hutton said.



Here are a few of the ducks that plummeted down into the decoys.

"Let's take 'em!"

Both he and Hutton were blazing away, before I saw the ducks. They had swung around behind us, and came slipping in almost over our heads. Three came in, but only one went out.

"The wind's wrong," Murky laughed at my puzzlement. "They'll all be coming in from behind the blind."

I watched the two ducks floating in the decoys—both widgeons, and craned my eyes for another flock. It wasn't late in coming. A pair of big mallards this

time. I crouched low as Murky egged them on, and I twisted my head as they circled the blind. I may be wrong, but I'll swear I saw one of those mallards peek down to see what was behind that pile of brush. Nevertheless, they shied off in a burry, and I saw a frown wrinkle Murky's forehead.

KEEP THAT FACE DOWN!" Murky snapped at me. "Those ducks can see a face a mile away."

I crawled down into the cover of the blind, feeling as small as a peanut. Murky opened up again. Through the brush I could see a big flock of bluebills suddenly start to swing, their wings set. I held my breath. But I wasn't prepared for what followed. They came in low, from behind, at about 50 miles an hour. All I heard was the swish-swish of wings as they clipped the (Continued on page 51)





Figgereighters.

Maybe you don't like snook; maybe you'll grouch at Dr. Cahn for hoisting a 14-pounder straight up from the water, but read this tale and you'll be looking for a starlit bridge over snook water

I WAS lying in bed, reading, and had just reached that luxurious condition where sleep was about to descend upon me, when Jack's rattle-trap truck pulled up in front of the house and came to a shrieking, groaning stop that left the night heavy with contrasting silence. Thereafter, and a familiar voice sang out: "Hey, Doc!"

I got into a pair of slippers and padded out into the darkness to see what particular trick Jack had up his sleeve at that time of night. He has so many of them, and they appear at such odd times, that I was immediately suspicious as to what color rabbit was coming out of where now.

"Doing anything later tonight?" asked Jack.

"I hope so, Jack; it's a grand night to sleep."

"Thought maybe you'd like to go figgereightin'."

"Go what?" I asked in puzzlement.

"Figgereightin'," he repeated.

"That's funny; I must be getting hard of hearing or something; sounds as if you said 'figgereightin'."

"That's just what I said: 'figgereightin'."

"All right, we won't argue. Of course I'll go figgereightin'. But what is it in English? When, where and why do you do it?"

"Some folks call it grindin'. You do it on a dark night, on a low ebb tide, on the old bridge, for snook."

"But Jack: It's after 11 o'clock. Aren't the days long enough for snook fishing? It's so black out here you can't see your feet."

**I Stood on
the Bridge
at
Midnight
By A.R. CAHN**

"That's it; don't worry about your feet. I was down at the river just now; the tide is right, and the water's right. Figgereightin' is something you can do only under certain special conditions, and they're all lined up right tonight. May be a long time before they all get together again. Come on; slip on a pair of pants and I'll show you a kind of fishing you never saw before. Besides, you can always sleep."

That settled it. My curiosity and his logic won. I went in and put on what clothes were necessary, and we rattled off toward Punta Gorda. It was a grand Florida mad-October night. A million stars dotted the heavens and an infinitesimal breeze moved the palm fronds into gentle voice. A red fox streaked across the glare of the headlights and an optimistic rooster crowed somewhere in the black shadows. I wondered if two and two always make four; if so, it was going to be a hard night on that rooster.

THE U. S. Highway 41 bridge that spans Florida's Charlotte Harbor between the town of Charlotte Harbor and Punta Gorda is a million dollar structure nearly a mile long. When it was constructed, the old original bridge was left standing a hundred feet up stream, after the channel section had been blown out and cleared away for river traffic. Old, oyster and barnacle encrusted, it affords a wonderful place for fishermen who are content not to venture afloat in search of their sport, and rewards them well with catches of the smaller marine fishes—sea trout, redfish, snook, mackerel, snappers, spadefish—according to the season, the tides and the laws of chance. It was to this old bridge that we headed, crossing to the north side of the Harbor on the new bridge and parking in the blacker shadows under the palms. I noted with surprise that there were at least a dozen other cars parked there. So we were not the only ones who had the idea of "figgereightin'"—whatever that might turn out to be.

Jack pulled out two heavy bamboo poles about 10 feet long and handed me one. We started for the bridge.

"Bait?" I asked.
"It's on there."

Jack is always right, so I stumbled along after him in the darkness, to which my eyes slowly became accustomed: starlight can be quite bright once you get used to it. As we got out on the bridge I was conscious of a row of black forms hunched over the side wall, side by side, quite shapeless, wholly silent, like a group of grotesque mummies. Jack found a place that suited him where we could muscle in without too obvious intrusion, and we took our places in that silent lineup. I had my flashlight with me, so I proceeded to investigate the strange tackle Jack had thrust upon me in the dark. It consisted primarily of 10 feet of the heavy end of an ordinary, medium weight bamboo pole. At the business end a heavy wire leader (No. 12 stainless steel) was securely wrapped and fixed. To my surprise this was less than two feet long. To this was swivelled a rather bulky white plug bearing two

strong treble gang hooks. That is all there was to it.

"What in the world do you with this thing?" I asked, bewildered.

YOU figgereight with it. Look. You stick the pole over the wall, straight up and down, with the bait in the water. You hold it in your left hand, kind of tight so the fish doesn't get it away from you; when they hit they hit hard. Then you take hold with your right hand below your left, and guide the pole through a figure eight, parallel with you. Let it swing like a pendulum, back and forth, in the form of a figure eight lying on its side, like this: ∞ . That's why it's called figgereightin'."

"Oh," I said, a light beginning to dawn. "Sounds screwy to me, but if it is, I sure have company."

I stepped to the side of the bridge and, like my silent companions, draped myself over the wall and looked down into the inky water below. And what I saw there held me spellbound.

I was looking into a world utterly strange to me, one I had never before

seen. Beneath me the black water stretched like a deep velvet void, formless and without dimensions. Air and water merged into an intangible vastness without demarcation or transition, from out of which the stars winked slyly back at me with a sort of gently distorted movement as invisible swells passed lazily in procession.

As my eyes grew more and more attuned to the blackness I became strangely aware that this inverted dome of the sky was peopled by a multitude of pale ghosts such as had no right in any heavenly dome, inverted or otherwise. Yet ghosts they certainly were, glowing dimly in the blackness with a pale luminescence, throwing off a faint aura of light that clearly presented the bodily form but gave no clue to identity.

SOME were large, quite large; some small. Some lay quiescent, shining dully and faintly, as fatigued ghosts might glow. Others dashed about in comparative brilliance of illumination, resembling nothing so

"That's a dandy snook."



much as bright comets wildly traveling eccentric courses among the reflected images of the stars. I thought at once of Halley's comet which I had seen with awe as a boy, and the resemblance, except for the wild careening and unpredictable paths of progress, was striking. I could see nothing to offer a clue to the identity of these comets; they moved among the liquid stars too fast to identify.

The dully glowing, stationary beings I could see distinctly were fish. The outline was clearly, if dully, defined along the sides, and the gentle movements of the tail and fins gave off a slightly brighter luminescence which identified these structures. Ghosts of fish, glowing amid the multitude of stars and darting comets!

What sort of world was this I had entered? Suddenly one of the pale, lingering fish-ghosts shot forward. Instantly it was metamorphosed into a comet, throwing off a long tail of pale golden sparks that glowed brilliantly at the point of onrush and faded into a shimmering mist a few feet behind the gleaming point. I was looking into a heaven no sane astronomer had ever seen, a heaven alive with fish-ghosts and fish-comets dashing around in wild confusion, with only the slowly shifting, winking star reflections to give warrant of reality.

For a few minutes I gazed in rapt amazement at this weird spectacle, which was as strange and startling as if I suddenly had been transported to another planet. Then the scientist in me slowly gained ascendancy over the romanticist, and my brain began slowly to grope for an explanation. In a flash it came to me, and instantly the ghosts, comets and meteors all were whirled away in a purely realistic wave of fact. Of

course. Phosphorus! "The Hound of the Baskervilles." Nothing but phosphorus. Naturally. The waters of the ocean contain a considerable amount of phosphorus, and phosphorus has the peculiar property of emitting light when excited by friction.

The pale ghosts were quiescent fish, fanning tail and fins to maintain position against the flowing tide. As the

blackness of night offers neither sanctuary nor escape from pursuing enemies! The wilder the efforts to escape, the brighter the victim glows and the more conspicuous it becomes. Even quiescence brings illumination. No wonder some of the fishes of the sea prefer to feed at night, when every prospective morsel is a glowing torch laying down a trail of fire!

I hoisted my unwieldy pole over



Sixteen-pound (36-inch) ssook.

water passed over their still bodies, the friction against the fish caused the phosphorus in the water to glow faintly, the degree of illumination depending upon the amount of friction involved: the more the brighter. As a fish darted forward the excitation of the phosphorus increased immensely, and the glow increased in proportion, transforming it into a comet with a long, dimming tail of liquid fire streaking behind. No movement without illumination; no pause without illumination!

What a dangerous world these creatures live in where even the blessed

the side and lowered the plug into the water. It hit the surface with a little splash that threw a fog of sparks in all directions, and as the blaze died out I could see the plug lying there quietly in the water, with the glow of a fatigued ghost. I moved the pole a bit, tentatively. Instantly the plug became a comet, throwing off a fiery wake. Then I began to weave my hands through the routine maneuver of figger-eightin', the plug responding nobly at the other end with fascinating results. My personal comet dashed wildly through the water, a glowing, darting point of brilliance, pursued by a long, bright tail. In and out it raced, crossing through its own tail-path, turning, recrossing, darting through the water and leaving always a dimming path of fire to mark its route. A really exciting spectacle.

The silence about me was profound and definitely tense; one could feel it. I knew that there were 20 or 30 persons around me, each manipulating a darting comet through an ordained course, yet hardly a sound came from them. Occasionally there would come to my ears a sharp retort, almost like a pistol shot. This would be accompanied by a low, excited murmur of many voices, followed by a thud on the bridge and a wild flopping; then silence descended again. Thus the minutes passed, the stars moved with the swells, (Continued on page 38)

MOOSE HEAVEN

By FREDK. W. HOLLENDER



The largest specimens of the largest species of our Americas deer family, the moose, live in Alaska. They are found in all of the north country, but the largest herds roam Kenai Peninsula. Best time to look them over is when their mating season is in full swing. That will be toward the end of September or the early part of October. We can't go to Alaska now of course, but there'll come a day when we

can. To hobnob with the moose, you must learn to speak their language. If you don't know how, any Alaska guide can teach you. Learn to imitate the long, outdrawn call of the cow moose and the deep grunt of the bull, and you won't have to stalk them—they will stalk you. As a rule, moose are silent, but they call and listen when seeking out a mate. A good caller can bring both bulls and cows right up close.



One morning my guide and I got into a moose herd that was spread out over a small meadow surrounded by poplar trees and heavier, thicker fir and spruce patches. Moose were everywhere. Although we could not see all of them, 35 were in plain sight, and their mooring was in full swing. I managed with my regular lens to get 17 moose in one picture, and could have included more if I had a wider

lens. This was last fall, when my guide, Slim Crocker, and I spent 15 days on the Kenai making a collection of moose pictures. In that short time we saw 72 bulls and over 140 cows. We not only secured all of the single shots of bulls and cows we wanted, but got numerous small groups as well. Despite the carelessness moose show during rutting season, you must watch the wind. Only with a favorable wind can you expect to get close.



Often the question pops up, will moose charge?

As a rule, they will not. You let them alone and they will let you alone. But an enraged bull at close quarters bears watching. Even a cow does. Last fall my guide was charged by a bull. I was once chased by a cow. Our long legs saved us from serious trouble, but there was no doubt about the intention in either case, those moose wanted to finish us off.

An adult male will weigh over 1,000 pounds, even up to 1,200 or 1,500 pounds. Shoulder height is about six feet, and when a big bull holds his head and horns erect, he will stand nine feet. It is a thrilling sight to have one of these huge bulls with his mighty antlers come 30 or 40 feet from you and look you over. The antlers of an old Kenai bull will weigh anywhere between 80 and 100 pounds.



Moose antlers are deciduous, are shed yearly. This is an overwhelming thought as you gaze at these powerful looking formations on the head of a big bull in the evergreen forest. They are so large it is amazing that the moose can grow a new pair each year. Nature has given the bulls these antlers for just one purpose, to fight other bulls for possession of the females during mating season.

When the honeymoon is over, the antlers will drop off. When one of the antlers drops off, the bull will not go very far, just to the next tree to knock the other antler off. One antler on and one off will pull the head off balance. Any day a hunter may find shed horns, and if he finds one of unusual interest, he will not have to go far to find the mate to it. The antlers have wide palms, with many prongs.



Kenai Peninsula, east of Cook Inlet, is ideal feeding ground for moose, even in winter. The cold is crisp, but the snowfall is fairly light, and the snow does not pack hard. The long-legged moose, big as a horse, wander around at will to browse on the twigs of birch, aspen and willow. They do not need to yard. Summer, with long hours of sunshine, brings abundant vegetation.

Because the bull is so impressive looking, when he has his antlers, not so much is said about the cow. She is not beautiful to look at, but she takes good care of her calves, born in the spring, sometimes one, sometimes two, rarely three. They grow extremely fast. The cow looks after them, more or less, for two seasons.* At least they travel with her about that long. Moose calves are a varying brown, unsported.



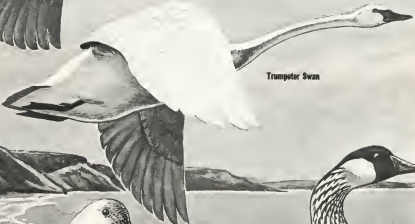
What does a moose use his hanging bell for? Although I have made more than a dozen trips to moose heaven on the Kenai, I have never been able to find out. One thing I did find out, and that is that there is a decidedly musky odor to moose during the season of the rut. The guides told me that moose strike with their front feet when fighting predators, and of course bulls use their antlers.

"Moose" is said to be an Indian word, meaning browser. They range over all Canada and Alaska, and are found in lesser numbers in Minnesota, Michigan, Wyoming and Montana, with a few in a half dozen other states. Let us hope that good laws, well administered, will preserve this giant deer on its present range for all time. I do not tire of travelling to moose heaven to bring back picture trophies.



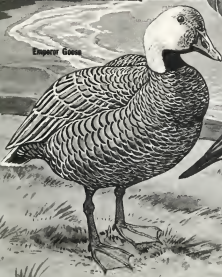
Whistling Swan

A detailed black and white illustration of a Whistling Swan in flight. The bird is shown from a side profile, facing right. Its long neck is elegantly curved. The wings are spread wide, revealing dark feathers on the underside of the wings and the tail. The body is primarily white with some dark shading on the wings.



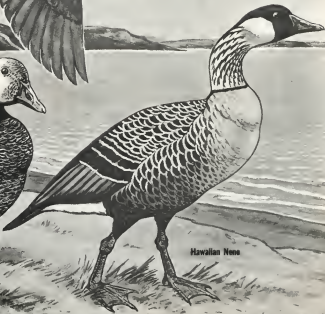
Trumpeter Swan

A detailed black and white illustration of a Trumpeter Swan in flight. The bird is shown from a side profile, facing right. Its long neck is elegantly curved. The wings are spread wide, revealing dark feathers on the underside of the wings and the tail. The body is primarily white with some dark shading on the wings.



Emperor Goose

A detailed black and white illustration of an Emperor Goose standing on a grassy bank. The bird is shown from a side profile, facing right. It has a large, dark, patterned body with a prominent white patch on its neck and head. The background shows a body of water and distant hills.



Hawaiian Nene

A detailed black and white illustration of a Hawaiian Nene standing on a grassy bank. The bird is shown from a side profile, facing right. It has a large, dark, patterned body with a prominent white patch on its neck and head. The background shows a body of water and distant hills.

W.J. Waterbury

SWANS AND WILD GEESSE

NO. 36 IN A SERIES OF WILD LIFE PAINTINGS AND ARTICLES

WE HAVE felt that the purpose of our Know Your Game series has been clear enough without explanation, but, as we approach the completion of this series, we might pause to say that our purpose has been two-fold, to teach game identification to the sportsmen, so he will know what he is shooting at, and to protect our vanishing species from those who shoot without knowing what they are shooting at. We mention this especially at this time, since we are showing the wild swans in this issue.

Our wild swans have fared badly. Once they were numerous, but they were shot for their skins and their feathers by market hunters, while others shot them just because they were big birds and presented a ready target. There are still plenty of hunters in this broad land of ours who cannot hold their fire when a swan flies over. This is not directed at that group. Instead, this is directed to those sportsmen who really want to know their game, so they will not shoot protected species.

We have two species of wild swans, the Trumpeter Swan and the Whistling Swan. Both are large birds, bigger than geese. Both have longer necks than any wild goose, since swans have from 23 to 25 neck vertebrae, while geese have but 20. Further, mature wild swans of both species are pure white and there are no black tips to the wings. Remember then, that wild swans are much larger birds than snow geese, which are the only large game birds for which they might be mistaken, and they readily can be told from snow geese, because snow geese have black tips to the wings.

The young of both the wild swans are gray. This gray color is more noticeable on the young of the Whistling Swan. This gray color remains until the swan is in its second year. Some authorities claim that the pure white color does not come until the swan is fully two years old.

The Whistling Swan is about 4½ feet long, while the Trumpeter attains a length of 5 feet. Both have black bills and feet when mature. On the Whistling Swan, the nasal opening is closer to the tip than to the base, while on the Trumpeter these are in the middle of the bill. Usually there is a yellow spot at the base of the bill of the Whistling Swan, which is lack-

ing on the Trumpeter, but this varies in size and may be missing on the Whistling Swan. Further, the Whistling Swan has but 20 tail feathers, while the Trumpeter has 24. These are of course differences that can only be seen up close or with the birds in hand and we trust that no sportsmen will have the birds in hand to make this comparison.

THE Trumpeter was formerly a bird that was found mainly in the interior, although it did make its appearance on both coasts during migration and when wintering. The Whistling Swan frequented both coasts and the interior. The latter is still seen in fair numbers on migration and, something over 10 years ago, there was a considerable flight of Whistling Swans that extended for some distance westward from the Mississippi. We have spoken of the Trumpeter in the past tense, since its numbers have dwindled to the danger point and it is very close to extermination. So very few remain that it is doubtful if they can make a recovery. For that reason we urge all sportsmen to hold their fire when they see wild swans. You may be shooting one of the few remaining Trumpeter Swans and even the Whistling Swans are none too numerous. To those who are not sportsmen, we say, hold your fire because swans are protected by law and swan meat comes high in court.

The high-keyed call of the leader, of high-flying Whistling Swans, gave these birds their name, though they have a variety of calls and old males have deep bass notes. The deep, resonant trumpet of the Trumpeter gave that bird its name.

We are showing two wild geese this month that are little known to American sportsmen, unless they happen to live in Alaska or the Hawaiian Islands. The first is the Emperor Goose, also known as Painted and Beach Goose. It is the size of the blue goose, slightly smaller than the white-fronted. It is bluish-gray like the blue goose and, like that bird, has a white head and neck, but its throat is black and its feathers have a submarginal black edge with a white tip, giving it a scaled appearance. The bill is flesh-colored with a white tip and the legs are yellow. The tail is white.

Although most wild geese are migratory, the Emperor Goose sticks

close to Alaska and its usual range is from the Aleutians to the region of Bering Strait. Sometimes it ranges southward to British Columbia and even California and it has been reported in the Hawaiian Islands, but these appearances may be classed as accidents. We give its description for those who may see the bird on the Pacific Coast. We failed to mention, that, like the Blue Goose, this goose also has rust-colored feathers on the forward part of head, near the bill.

This goose nests in Alaskan salt marshes and also near East Cape, Siberia. The Eskimos used to net them by thousands, during the moulting season, when they lost their flight feathers and could not fly. In 1909, Pres. Theodore Roosevelt established a bird sanctuary, comprising the delta of the Yukon, which territory is the main breeding grounds of the Emperor Goose. This sanctuary should save it from extermination.

Our other goose this month is the Nene of the Hawaiian Islands, a goose that is supposed to be descended from Canadian Wild Geese that lost their way and liked the Hawaiian Islands so much that they stayed there and established a new species. This, in this writer's opinion, is far-fetched and invented by those who are forever trying to find an excuse for the existence of birds and animals in faraway places. Each place has its own species and we ask, why should the Hawaiian Islands not have their own species of wild goose?

THIS goose did very well when only natives hunted it, but along came the white man with his guns, he brought rats and he later brought the mongoose to kill off the rats. The Nene could not stand the competition with guns that killed him when mature and rats and mongoose that ate eggs and young. It has come close to extermination and only a few carefully guarded flocks remain, one of these being the government flock at Mokapu. In earlier days, the natives caught and domesticated these geese. In conformation and general markings of body feathers, these geese look somewhat like Canadian Geese, but the light patch on the cheek of the Canadian Goose is extended down the neck on this goose. They do not migrate and find their food in the salt marshes.



Distance fly champion Dick Miller of Huntington Beach, California, lays into the long one which won the Distance Fly event at the 34th annual National Fly and Bait Casting Tournament held at Lincoln Park, Chicago. Miller, veteran caster, also took first place in the Salmon Distance Fly event.



Lincoln Park pool was lined with spectators and participants from all over the country. Shown at the far end of pool are many casters warming up for the main and final event, the men's $\frac{1}{2}$ -ounce Accuracy, won by George Hass, Chicago.



Longest cast on record in the Distance $\frac{1}{2}$ -ounce event begins here. Clarence Anthes, Waukesha, Wisconsin, winds up for one of his record shattering tosses. His average for three casts was 359-2/3 feet. He's a good accuracy caster, too.

Wartime Fishing, Casting Advocated By Casting Clubs

Continuance of sport compatible with wartime conditions recommended by National Association of Angling and Casting Clubs... Report on National tournament

PHOTOS BY CLARE BRYAN

RECOMMENDING that fishing and casting shall be continued to the fullest degree compatible with wartime conditions, the National Association of Angling and Casting Clubs prepared the following resolution at its recent 34th annual meeting held in conjunction with the recent National Fly and Bait Casting Tournament at Lincoln Park, Chicago:

"Whereas the United States of America is at war and some of its citizens have claimed that all sporting events should be discontinued for the duration;

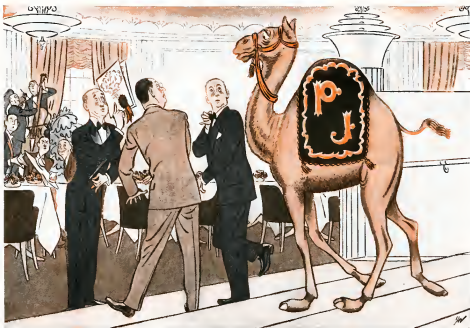
"Be it resolved that the National Association of Angling and Casting Clubs at its 34th annual meeting duly assembled, is of the firm opinion that no useful purpose would be served by curtailing angling or casting, either as a game of sport or as a recreation and that angling and casting should be continued to the fullest degree compatible with wartime conditions, as long as angling and casting provide entertainment and recreation, sustain morale and offset mental worry arising from war, without encouraging loafing or complacency.

"And be it further resolved that the National Association of Angling and Casting Clubs continue as heretofore to carry out the objects and purposes of its association and continue its annual National tournaments and meetings."

(Continued on page 78)



Harold Smedley of Muskegon, Mich., won the dry fly event and then tossed a perfect score to cop the waf fly accuracy race.



Beg pardon, sir... but is he with you?

HEAD WAITER: Table for two, sir? Or...er-r, excuse me, sir, but is this—ah—creature a member of your party?

CAMEL: If you refer to me, O Guider of Gourmets, I am here on business. With a message for your princely patrons.



PATRON: A message for us? What are you going to talk about, Camel, a trip through the Sahara with gun and camera?

CAMEL: No, Sahib. You perhaps are not aware that I am a rather distinguished camel. I am, in fact, the Paul Jones camel, the living symbol of *dryness*—that glorious quality of whiskey which some call lack of sweetness. *Dryness* explains why Paul Jones is a veritable pearl among whiskeys, a rare jewel...

PATRON: Just what I feared, my didactic dromedary! Pearls come high these days!

CAMEL: Allow me, Sahib... I was about to say that this pearl among whiskies costs such a modest sum that almost anyone can afford it!

PATRON: Extraordinary, Camel! Really extraordinary! Well, well! Suppose you join us and we'll sample a bit of this remarkable Paul Jones right now... table for three, please!

*The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry*

Paul Jones

*A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*



I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight

(Continued from page 36)

and my controlled comet wove its luminous figure-eight path.

Suddenly, without preparation or warning, the water around my comet exploded with the crack of a pistol, erupting a vast quantity of liquid fire that flew out in all directions in a myriad of shooting sparks, and the pole was nearly jerked out of my mechanically moving hands. I tightened on it just in the nick of time, and heaved.

Instantly I found myself engaged in battle, but in a wholly new kind of battle, the tactics of which I did not know. Instead of being seated comfortably in a fishing chair, I was hanging jack-knifed over a concrete balustrade, hanging on to a fish that far outbalanced my feet and threatened at any moment to tip me over headfirst into the star spangled blackness. Instead of holding gracefully to a rod pointing semi-skyward, I was desperately gripping a bamboo pole that stuck straight down under me and seemed likely to disappear under the bridge at any moment without notice. To say that my position was unstrategic is putting it mildly. Two thoughts kept clicking in my mind: "You mustn't go overboard! You mustn't let go." I was plastered so tightly against the concrete wall which hit me squarely amidships that I could hardly breathe. Meanwhile a dozen volcanoes were erupting fire below me.

"Jack!" I gasped. He came on the run, having somehow wandered off into the void.

"Hoist him up! Hoist him up! Hand over hand if you can't flip him over the rail."

Well, that was something to go on anyway, and put an idea into my head, which sadly needed one at the moment, and I began to hoist, if only inch by inch. Excited voices around me murmured: "Big one!" "Awful big snook!" "Golly, what a snook!" "He'll never get that fellow up here."

That remark made me mad. Not be able to handle a snook? Me? The dickens you say, old-timer. You wait; I'll show you!

MANAGED somehow to get my stomach unglued from the concrete, and to get some air in my lungs; that was my first victory. Next, I got a good grip on the pole with both hands, but for a minute or two I could do no more. The fish was battling furiously just at the surface, thrashing wildly, showering liquid sparks of brilliant fire that paled any Fourth of July celebration I ever saw. Jack said nothing more: just hung over the rail and watched. At last the fish worked itself to one side as far as the short wire line would permit, and the pole was at last not straight up and down. I set my feet firmly, pressed my legs against the wall for support, tightened my hold on the pole.

"Look out over there! Duck!" I yelled.

And as I yelled I gave a mighty heave. And as I heaved, an exploding ball of fire shot out of the water. Up, up it soared, sparks flying in all directions, a gorgeous sight against the black sky. Up and up; then it seemed to pause at the top of the arc for an instant; then down, down. It

hit the rail with a resounding smack, balanced on the edge for an interminable instant, gave a violent flip and fell—thank goodness—inward onto the bridge!

Instantly the fish and I were surrounded by an excited group of fishermen. Flashlights cut the darkness and the beams focused on my prize, lying there stunned, unhooked, its gill-covers rising and falling rhythmically. My prize! Mine, by grace of a lucky flip that sent it inward to the bridge instead of outward to freedom! A 14-pound snook.

"Attabo!" jubilated Jack. "Nice going."



PREVENT FOREST FIRES—IT PAYS

Don't Be a Flipper!

L. B. THOMAS, BUREAU OF FOREST FIRES

Flipping away a cigarette is a careless habit which, when carried into the woods, spreads devastation and death to trees and wildlife. Stamp out every butt. Use the ash tray in your car.

CARELESS SMOKERS CAUSE 25 per cent of all forest fires. This year the need for forest fire prevention is greater than ever before. Man-power, essential to the war effort, must be diverted to combat the flames.

America at war cannot tolerate forest fires. Nor can she permit losses in war production which would result from unnecessary diversion of men from farm and factory to fight forest fires. She needs timber in her war industry, and must not allow it to be wasted by fire. The training and operations of her armed forces must not be impeded by fires threatening military or other strategic establishments, and her pilots cannot be hampered by the smoke pills which accompany major forest fires.

Sportsmen can perform valuable war service this year by telling everyone with whom they come in contact to take precautions against fire in the woods. They themselves will be doubly careful in the woods.

Smokers, keep these rules in mind—(1) Be sure your match is out. Break it in two before you throw it away. (2) Smoke only while stopping in a safe place clear of all inflammable materials; never while traveling in the woods. (3) Knock out pipe in palm of your hand to make sure all ashes are dead; dispose of ashes in spot where previously you have cleared away litter to soil. (4) Dispose of cigarettes by clearing off space about 12 inches square to mineral soil—or grind out on rock. (5) Never throw pipe ashes and cigar or cigarette butts from an automobile; use an ash tray.

Forest fire prevention rules are easy to observe. The experienced sportsman knows the vital need of practicing fire prevention and never finds these rules burdensome.

Watch your friends—watch yourself!

That was some hoist you gave it. Looked like you pulled up half the bay when it came out. Only next time do your hoisting quicker, before your fish gets going so strong. That's a dandy snook."

"That chap hit so suddenly I never had a chance to get going. Besides, he scared the daylight out of me with the racket he made when he struck, and the fireworks that followed. And by the way, where's that fellow that said I'd never get him?" I asked the surrounding void.

"You win, buddy," said a voice from the blackness.

And that, fellow fishermen, is the more or less gentle art of "figgeringright!" on the bridge at midnight. Try it sometime when the conditions are right; you will find it definitely something different.

THE SNOOK, also called sea pike, sergeant fish, or by the Spanish name of robalo, is the sole Atlantic representative of the family Centropomidae. It is an inhabitant of southern waters, with a range extending from Florida to Texas and southward through the West Indies to Dutch Guiana. It is confined to the Atlantic waters, unless some individuals have passed through the Panama canal into the Pacific, where several other closely related species are found, a situation which is altogether possible.

From this distribution it is at once evident that the fish is definitely a southern species, adapted to the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea and the southern Gulf Stream, with a range extending northward up the Atlantic coast hardly beyond the northern limits of Florida. This is of particular interest in view of the fortunately rare winter catastrophes which strike the northern portions of its range when severe cold spells chill the water beyond the limits of physiological adaptability, and thereby destroy countless millions of the fish. Such a calamity struck in January, 1940, when 92,000 pounds of frozen snook were picked up on the surface of the waters of Charlotte Harbor alone—and the catastrophe occurred at least from Brownsville, Texas, to Key West!

The sometimes heard name of "sea pike" is most apt in more ways than one, for the snook is a sort of surprising combination of the familiar walleye pike and great northern pike, transplanted into the sea from our northern inland lakes, though it is in no way related to either. Its body is a glorious grayish silver, shading toward the back to green or brown, depending on the color and clarity of the water it comes from. At times this color is almost a deep purple, especially up the dark-water rivers. The lateral line, that sensitive organ located serially in the scales along the sides of the body in order to intercept vibrations in the water, is arched in front, and proceeds to the base of the tail as the only conspicuous mark on this fish.

The top of the head is depressed, and from this flattened surface the contour of the back rises steeply to the base of the first dorsal fin, beyond which it tapers slowly to the base of the tail. The first



Take Care of Your Evinrude **NOW**

**... SO THAT IT
WILL SERVE YOU FAITHFULLY
UNTIL NEW ONES ARE AVAILABLE**

With Evinrude facilities completely devoted to the war effort, there will be no new motors for civilian use until America's Victory is won. It's important then, to take care of your motor *now* . . . and next season it will be ready to help you make the most of every precious recreation hour.

1 DRAIN AND FLUSH . . .



Unless allowed to drain, your motor can freeze in cold weather just as will the motor of an automobile . . . and freezing often means a cracked water jacket. Make sure water is drained by setting in an upright position and spinning flywheel. If used in salt water, flush with fresh water.

2 PUT OIL IN CYLINDERS . . .



A wise precaution is to remove spark plugs and put a couple of teaspoons of pure lubricating oil in cylinders. Revolve flywheel several times to spread oil over the cylinder walls before putting the spark plugs back. Pack gear housing with grease, forcing out any water that may have entered housing.

3 EMPTY TANK, CLEAN CARBURETOR



If you want to make sure your motor will be ready to go, "first pull", next spring, it is a good idea to empty fuel tank completely, also removing gasoline pipe and cleaning thoroughly. Clean the carburetor, removing strainer plug and screen, clean thoroughly and replace.

4 PROTECT WITH OIL, THEN COVER



Wipe the entire motor with a cloth saturated with oil. This is a sound precaution anywhere, and particularly so near the sea coast, to prevent corrosion from salt-laden atmosphere. Finally, wrap the motor in a piece of canvas, an old blanket or heavy paper, and store in a dry place.

BETTER STILL . . . put your motor into the hands of an Evinrude dealer for annual check-up and safe winter storage. Every part of the motor will be thoroughly inspected, and if any servicing is needed, it can be most satisfactorily and economically done right at this time! **EVINRUDE MOTORS**, 4971 North 27th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Evinrude Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada



EVINRUDE—

OUTBOARD MOTORS



dorsal is stiffly spinous, the second soft-rayed. The head is definitely similar to that of the great northern pike—long, depressed, slender—with the same protruding, pugnacious lower jaw, but lacking the razor teeth of that species. The body is reminiscent of the walleye pike in conformation, but cleaner, slicker, smoother—and slimmer.

The fighting qualities are like those of the great northern at its best, when that fish strikes in cool, deep water, but are more vicious and much more violent and sustained. And finally, the eating qualities, by no means to be overlooked, remind one of the walleye, of which one never tires; one can eat of it daily for a long period of time without rebellion. A thoroughly delectable fish from every point of view, only recently come into full appreciation by the fisherman and gourmet alike.

While, as we have said, the snook is a true marine fish, some of the places wherein you catch them would seem to cast grave doubt upon the statement. Sometime in the spring, usually early in April, the snook in the sea respond to an internal urge which sends them shoreward slowly but steadily. The nature of this stimulus is as mysterious as it is irresistible, but that it is based upon physiological reactions accompanying the approaching ripening of the sex products seems both logical and probable.

At any rate, April sees the advent of the snook into the brackish waters of the coastal rivers; they leave the sea and move up toward the decreasing salinity associated with the incoming fresh water of the rivers. Up these tidal streams they pioneer, pushing farther and farther up, so that they often completely overshoot the brackish zone and enter fresh water, to become the neighbor and competitor of the sunfish and the largemouth bass.

That the snook have the true spirit of the pioneers is indicated by their reactions to the heavy rains of early summer. Then, when the summer showers deluge the countryside and send sheets of water into the roadside ditches and drainage canals, the snook seem to go into a frenzy of activity. Stimulated by the caress of the suddenly increased current as these tons of water rush from ditch to canal and from canal to river, the snook take up the challenge and fight their way yet farther from the sea by following the current into the canals, and from the canals into the roadside ditches, ending their advance only when the current sub-

sides, or the water becomes too shallow for further navigation.

Thus I have caught snook—large snook of 12 to 18 pounds—in tumbling roadside ditches filled with turbulent rainwater starting its journey to the sea, said fish being at least 10 miles from the nearest even brackish water! Yet, adventurous as the snook is, it is possessed of some delicate gauge which warns it of danger when the water begins to fall.

When the peak of the flood has passed, the snook turns tail and flees back toward the safety of the river, thus avoiding inevitable trapping in cutoff pools, stranding, evaporation and death. One seldom finds a snook that waited too long and as a result was trapped; the mistake is always fatal and the committer thereof has never had a chance to transmit the error to its offspring.

Its adventurousness reminds me of the old river carp that leaves the creek during flood to wander happily about the inundated cornfields; they, too have this warning gauge that foretells of falling water level, but there are far more carp trapped than snook.

As for these adventurous excursions into the dangerous and unknown, the snook tends to remain within the brackish zone during the period from April to January, and, at some stage therein, breeding occurs. The eggs seem to be laid in the upper reaches of the brackish water, very close indeed to the fresh water, and here, during the summer, large schools of tiny snook can be seen to grow with startling rapidity week by week. The eggs are probably laid in May or June; by November the young are around seven inches in length, and going strong.

The snook frequents sandy shores of rivers, creeks and canals, the tortuous channels among the mangrove stilts, the shelter of bridges, jetties, pilings. It appreciates the advantages of eddies in the stream, and habitually frequents the region below them, where drifting food is brought to a focus by the eccentricities of the current and the low ebb tide. I know an old shipways that creates such an eddy and on a low, outgoing tide, when the water boils across the ways, we get innumerable fine snook by casting from the shore into the turmoil below the obstruction.

Casting among the pilings of railroad trestles yields exciting sport, although many fine fish are lost by the momentary contact of the line on the barnacles thereof! For such casting, any bass outfit

serves admirably, for the snook will hit just about any good bass plug you offer.

While many fine snook are taken by casting and by the rather unusual method of "eggereightin'", the standard method is trolling. With the motor throttled down to four miles an hour or less—one might almost say the slower the better, just so the lure is working—troll a No. 2 Drone spoon at the end of about 75 feet of line, but have plenty of line on the reel. Troll, and wait. Follow close to the bank if the water is reasonably deep; skirt the edges of the protruding sand bars; cut in close to the stilted mangrove roots; drag the spoon as close as you dare to trestles, pilings, jetties. And always be ready for a smashing attack that comes without warning. The strike is a furious one for a fish of relatively small size.

Snook evidently feed more at night when it is moonlight than when it is the dark of the moon; apparently they bite better in the daytime during the dark phase of the moon. If you fish at night you will hear the snook "popping" all around you; this peculiar noise is made when the snook snaps at small fish or shrimp swimming near the surface.

The lighter the outfit you use, the more fun you will get out of your snook, and you may be quite sure that from the instant the fish smashes into your lure you will have a battle on your hands until the fish is landed—or until something untoward happens. A large part of the battle is at or just under the surface. While the snook seldom breaks clean out of water like a tarpon, it habitually comes half way out and, hanging there, thrashes about furiously in an effort to dislodge the hook.

On light tackle—say a 3/8 outfit—a snook of five to 12 pounds will give you all you can manage for a while; a 20- to 25-pounder will give you a thrill you will never forget; a 40-pounder will probably smash your tackle in quick order unless you are deft at handling it, but you will have something to talk about for the rest of your life. But if you are clever enough to handle your light outfit, you will have a trophy worthy of your skill, as well as a gastronomic delight.

Incidentally, the world record snook taken on rod and reel came from Coon Key near Marco, Florida, in 1926, and weighed 49½ pounds. Yet during the winter catastrophe of January, 1940, I handled six snook, picked up in the Charlotte Harbor area, that weighed between 40 and 43 pounds. The big chaps have not all been caught yet!

So You Missed Him!

(Continued from page 25)

grouse going straight down a bill from me. I have always found it hard to make proper allowance for a fast drop.

V. What may seem a very small reason for missing is nevertheless a most frequent one: I mean a failure to take into account a last-second change in speed or direction of an animal or a bird. I once saw a very comic, or tragic, example of this. The man who made this

historic miss was very methodical by nature. Mathematically, he knew just when to shoot; but he failed to take into account the vagaries of wild game. It doesn't like to be killed; and at the crucial moment, it is likely to do something unexpected. It is not a wise plan to make too definite plans about just how you are going to shoot anything. You ought to figure on having to alter all calculations at the last second.

One day, in the level pinelands of the South, I was standing near this hunter who missed. A buck was coming to pass him on the left at only about 30 yards. He got his gun up in plenty of time. He apparently had picked the very spot where he intended to throw this old veteran of the wilds. He had everything but one figured out; and that was most important: would the buck hold his course and his speed? It was near an old

road, and the stander should have been wideawake to the possibility of the buck's stopping. At that distance and at the speed the deer was traveling, he had, he told me later, intended to shoot just forward of the buck's neck, to get him in the shoulder and the heart. But just as the hunter was pulling the trigger, the buck stopped. The whole charge of buck-shot, which, had it reached him, would have laid him low, went about two feet ahead of the standing deer. After being shot at pointblank, you can imagine that he tarried not. He got away so fast and with such contortions that the hunter never did shoot again. Here, then, was a miss that was due to over-calculation. It is wise, even after you begin squeezing the trigger, to make certain that your game is where you think it is.

VI. A fruitful cause of missing is excitement on the part of the hunter; buck-fever you may call it, jitters, or just plain heeby-jeebies. I was one day hunting quail with a man who was so nervous that, even before we left the yard, he was gripping his gun so hard that his knuckles showed white. As he was liable to shoot at anything, and as I was visible, I hung back. In doing so I walked into a covey of quail, that started straight over his head. I called to him across the cornfield to look out. He whirled around two or three times; he never saw the quail at all. High up in the zenith a lazy old buzzard was wheeling. He shot at this twice. Then he blamed me for having excited him.

On another occasion a beagle hound jumped a rabbit between me and another hunter. The bunny, in close quarters, did some artful dodging, and ended by running right between the man's legs. He blew a hole in the ground right between his own feet. It came near being an accident; and I think many a hunting accident is due to nothing but a brain storm.

VII. A last cause of missing that I am going to mention may or may not seem to be in place. It is that a good many sportsmen take a drink or two, and at the same time expect to shoot straight. I am no Puritan; but if I take anything, it is always after a hunt. I have had some sorry experiences with drinking hunters. Only last winter I was trying to get a drinking man up to a fine flock of wild turkeys when he botched everything by shooting at some crows that suddenly flew up in front of us. In that it takes every ounce of clearheadedness and steadiness of nerve, good hunting is like driving a car. If you take a drink before you take the wheel, you may not get there. And in hunting, even one drink takes the edge off your keenness. I will join the boys at the campfire after we get home; but if they drink before they start, or while they are hunting, I am either going home or I am going to hunt alone. Hunting takes all that the best man has; and few things disgust me more than to labor to give a man a fine shot, only to have him bungle it because he is bleary-eyed. And the drinking hunter is not only liable to miss most or all of his game; he is liable also to shoot his friends. I believe we may concede that that is a bad habit.

WONDERS OF AMERICA Rolling Reservoir!

ARE YOU TRYING TO DRY UP THAT LAKE, MAJOR?

WE MIGHT. THAT'S THE PUMPING STATION OF OUR FIELD CAMP WATER-WORKS

IN A LITTLE WHILE YOU'LL SEE A SYSTEM SET-UP THAT CAN HANDLE 100 GALLONS OF DRINKING WATER A MINUTE

THIS IS THE PORTABLE 3,000-GALLON SETTLING BASIN WHERE THE WATER IS PROCESSED

WATER OR TOBACCO, PROCESSING IS MIGHTY IMPORTANT, EH, MAJOR?

YOU BET, JUDGE. I THANK P.A.'S CHOICE TOBACCO AND NO-BITE PROCESS FOR EVERY MILD, GOOD-TASTING PUFF FROM MY PIPE

PRINCE ALBERT'S NO-BITE PROCESS TAKES OUT BITE — LEAVES IN RICH TASTE

THE CRIMP CUT EASES PACKING, DRAWING

P.A. IS BETTER TOBACCO TO BEGIN WITH — SMELL ITS MELLOW FRAGRANCE

TOBACCO ISN'T A NECESSARY LIKE WATER, BUT ITS MIGHTY COMFORTING ANY TIME TO PULL ON A LOAD OF P.A.

WE FIND IT THAT WAY TOO, JUDGE

YOU KNOW, IT'S WONDERFUL THAT PRINCE ALBERT CAN BE SO EASY ON THE TONGUE, YET SO FULL OF GOOD TASTE

THAT'S WHAT I SAY ON ROLLED SMOKES, TOO—AND BESIDES, P.A. IS CUT TO ALMOST ROLL ITSELF

50 PAPERFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY ROCKET PACKAGE OF PRINCE ALBERT

PRINCE ALBERT

CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

ARMS AND AMMUNITION



JIM CROSSMAN
Editor

MAJOR CHARLES ASKINS
Acting Editor

Modern Rifles

Deer rifles, ranging from .25-35 to .33, analyzed—plus a discussion of big game rifles from .256 Newton to .405 Winchester

By MAJOR CHARLES ASKINS

WE HAVE been paying more attention to shotguns than we have to rifles, this perhaps because there is no very positive inclination on the part of the government, as yet, to take shotguns away from us after we have used them a few years, but it might be different with rifles.*

We are going back to a few rifles that have seen considerable service in this country in deer shooting, beginning 20 years ago or more, which are still in use and are not likely to be asked for by the Army. Some of these were designed by Charles Newton in his day, along with a lot of rifles that will not be used again. Charles Newton's favorite rifle seemed to have been the .256 with 140-grain Spitzer pointed bullet which he developed after considerable experimentation. It has been pretty much ignored by rifle makers of today.

Our military rifle makers appear to have gotten off on the wrong foot in adopting the .30-06 cartridge for the

*An appeal by the government in the daily press recently asked sportsmen who own a 1903 model Springfield or a 1917 model Enfield rifle, if it is in shape for military use, to turn it over to the Army.

The War Department said 40,149 of these rifles were sold to members of the National Rifle Association to cover civilian marksmanship in recent times. These will be impressed along with a few Mausers sold to members of independent rifle clubs.

The Springfield and Enfield rifles issued to State Guard and Army military police battalions will be reworked, although not "fitted" over their own receivers, said the War Department.

Some of the recalled weapons, it was indicated, are the new 10.5 mm. M1918 Hotchkiss Automatic Cannon, which are armed with the new, fast firing automatic Cannon.



A good day's bag in any man's language, this New Brunswick deer and bear are being taken to camp by Old Dobbin.

Springfield and the Enfield. The 180-grain bullet never did enter into the make-up of as good a cartridge as did the 140-grain .256 caliber bullet, as preferred by Newton. Newton sent one of the first .256 rifles that he ever made to me, perhaps the first. This rifle was built on a Springfield action, the bullet weighed 123 grains, had a velocity of 3,163 feet, and had a muzzle energy of 2,632 foot pounds. This cartridge was based on the Springfield case necked down to .256. I killed four deer straight down in Texas, no one of the bucks going 40 feet after being hit.

Newton later developed his favorite cartridge which was the same as his earlier one except it carried 140-grain Spitzer pointed bullet, with velocity of 3,000 feet, coefficient 548, muzzle energy 2,860 foot pounds. According to Newton that bullet was still traveling the fastest of all bullets in his list of 1,500 yards, remaining velocity at that distance 1,100 feet.



If you wish to carry your buck out, try the safe and easy method shown here.

In my opinion the two military cartridges that deserve the least credit are the '06, 180-grain and the British .303, 170-grain. They stuck to those cartridges because they had them. That was not true of European countries other than Germany, which had the 8 mm. Mauser and so used it. When Newton got into his development of the .256, other countries took notice, and most of them now are shooting the .256, with bullets weighing from 136 to 148 grains. Not one of those countries will ever come to the use of our military cartridges, and eventually we will have to go to theirs.

That is enough of the .256. The reader can give what ever consideration he desires to what I have had to say. One thing, the soldier as drafted into the Army would learn to shoot a rifle in half the time he does now if the .256 were used, because it would not kick hell out of him to start with.

MODERN DEER RIFLES

Now we are going to what we will call Class 1, of the ordinary deer rifles, which have been used on white-tailed deer for many years—

	Cartridge	Velocity	Energy	Trajectory
Win.	.25-35-117, M. P.	2,200 ft.	1,139 ft.-lb.	4.3 in.
Ross.	.25-35-117, M. P.	2,200 "	1,139 "	4 "
Super	.25 Roberts, 87-gr.	3,228 "	1,740 "	3 "
Sauer	.25 Roberts, 100-gr.	3,800 "	1,873 "	2.5 "
Saw.	.250-190, 87-gr.	3,000 "	1,710 "	2.8 "
Sav.	.250-190, 100 H. P.	2,111 "	1,255 "	3 "
Win.	.19-35, 170-gr.	2,200 "	1,139 "	4.3 "
Bern.	Aud., 165-gr.	2,178 "	1,125 "	5 "
Win.	.32 Special, 170-gr.	2,200 "	1,139 "	4.3 "
Sav.	.301, 180-gr.	2,390 "	2,263 "	3 "
Win.	.35, 206-gr.	2,169 "	2,160 "	5 "

We have called the rifles listed above modern deer rifles, because we have had deer rifles for 150 years. The old muzzle loader, flintlock rifle was as much entitled to be called a deer rifle as any we have listed above.

We have plenty of rifles more powerful than any on this list, some of which will

compose a list of their own, not only for deer in a pinch, but also for moose, caribou, brown and grizzly bear and all kinds of big game. Naturally we are not going to be exact about any of it, but will leave out something that should be included.

The first two, a Winchester 25-35-117, and the Remington rimless shell in 25 caliber, are pretty much the same thing. The 25-35 cartridge is pretty light for deer shooting, but one of the best Oklahoma deer shots I ever knew used this Winchester rifle and cartridge when shooting in the woods. He had plenty of confidence in his gun and plenty in himself. He rarely shot at a deer over 100 yards, and I seldom knew him to lose one he shot at. My own luck wasn't so good. I jumped a young buck and shot at him as he passed over a little rise. He went down like a struck rabbit. In a quarter of a minute he was up and right back within 40 feet of us. I yanked my rifle open, but unfortunately I was shooting a re-loaded shell and the extractor slipped by that empty case. As the deer passed us we could see that the deer had a gash cut in the top of his head. My friend took up the shooting, as the deer went out into the open, curved back and went into the woods, firing five shots from his Krag rifle, every bullet going right behind the deer's tail.

Of course I have started in with the least powerful rifle in the list, but anyhow you cannot kill a deer unless you hit him. The two Roberts rifles are pretty much the same thing, a little more powerful and shooting flatter. Everybody knows that a Savage 250-3000 will kill white-tail deer with certainty, up to about 200 yards. It is a flat shooting and accurate rifle, and a better one for deer in the East and South is hardly needed. Shooters like it because it is not a kieker.

Now we come to the real class, or the typical class of modern deer rifles in the 30-30-170. If what has been said by hundreds of deer shooters of the 30-30 is any indication, then this rifle has killed more deer than any other whatsoever. That is my opinion, and in my mind it is the most popular deer rifle that has been made. Larger game than deer has been killed with it, but it is not intended for large game.

I am a bit enthusiastic about the 30-30, for a man who never owned one. It seems I always did want one, but I had a lot of rifles to try out, and always seemed to miss the 30-30. Nevertheless, if people in a deer country, with nothing larger to shoot, were content with a 30-30, they would be about as well off. The Savage 305, with 180-grain, is the most powerful rifle we have placed in this class, unless it is the Winchester 23 caliber, with 200-grain bullet, which comes very close to a big game rifle.

The 220 Swift should have gone into this list, being simply powerful for deer, except most men who own one do not like to take a chance on shooting it out. Whether it is true or not, most people are under the impression that velocities are so high in the Swift that the rifling would soon begin to wear. I recall perfectly the first time I shot a Swift. I took a small piece of iron, three inches long,



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Dependent for life itself upon their marksmanship, the American plainsmen established a tradition that now contributes a vital factor to the success of our nation at war.

The tradition of superior skill in shooting has been fostered through the generations in America by the interest of millions of sportsmen. With constant improvement in sporting arms has come equal and natural improvement to the skill of those who use them.

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tribution by Savage in offering constantly improved and thoroughly dependable rifles and shotguns.

The technical skill that produced the famous Savage "99" is now devoted to our Country's cause in war. So, if you cannot secure the Savage gun you may desire, you will understand. And be assured that when this war is won, Savage rifles and shotguns, in wide variety of models, and better than ever, will serve again as faithful companions for your keen enjoyment of the great outdoors.

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Mule deer may be told from blacktail deer, which have similar horns, by their white rump patch and white tail with black tip. Both the mule deer and black tail deer have bifurcate (two-forked) tines on the antlers, which are only so on white-tailed deer on very old animals.

by one and one-half inches wide, by one inch thick, and wedged it up in a crack in an old barn, with the flat side turned toward me. Then I stepped off 150 yards and sat down to shoot at it. With the first shot the slip of iron never moved. At the second shot the iron never moved though it was not wedged in very tight. Then I went up to the target to see what was happening.

I found on one side of the iron near the edge, but not breaking out, a hole where the bullet had passed through, and on the other side of the little iron target, about an inch away, but even with the first hole, another bullet hole through that iron. Bullets had gone on through, struck a plate eight inches square, and just tore the plate up. I had to quit shooting at the old barn for fear I would bring it down. I had a Weaver scope on that rifle, and just to see if I could hit 'em, I turned it on a row of blackbirds sitting on the top row of a fence. I killed two and nothing was left of them except feathers. This proved to be the best rifle that ever was made, or ever will be, I am guessing, for hitting small objects at unknown distances. Someday the other Winchester small bore rifles will be put in a list of vermin rifles.

BIG GAME RIFLES

THESE CARTRIDGES are adapted to deer shooting and also to larger game than deer, such as moose, elk, mountain goat, caribou, all kinds of bear. The .405 Winchester was the cartridge that Theodore Roosevelt used in Africa on elephants, and sometimes on rhinos, hippos, lions, and on all kind of backs and prairie beasts.

Of course these are American rifles, and are intended for American big game. They are distinct from a lot of English rifles, which were built mostly for African shooting. We will come to them later, both English and American, calling them magnum rifles, but not in this article, which will have reached its limitations before we get to the magnums.

The first rifle on this list we have taken to be the .256 Newton. This was the rifle and cartridge used by most European countries for military use before the present war was started by Germany. The Germans, like us with the .30-06, used the 8 mm Mauser because they had it, and not because it was best for the purpose.

In the .256 the Western Cartridge Company used a lighter bullet than Newton favored, but it is a good cartridge for

deer and larger game. We will give it here, because it will not appear in the general list: the .256—weight of bullet 129 grains, velocity 2,770 feet, energy 2,300 foot pounds, energy at 100 yards 1,790 pounds, trajectory three inches high midway the 200 yards.

Big game rifles we are listing in Class 2 are as follows:

Cartridge	Velocity ft.	Energy lb.	Trails in.	Co- efficient
.256 Newt., 140-gr.,	3,000	2,300	2.17	.045
Win., .270, 130-gr.,	3,125	2,600	2	+
Win., .270, 100-gr.,	3,540	2,700	1.8	+
Win., .270, 120-gr.,	2,770	2,500	2	
.30 Smith, 110-gr.,	2,620	2,200	2.5	.021
.30 Smith, 120-gr.,	2,900	2,820	2.5	.008
.30 Smith, 130-gr.,	2,950	2,950	2	
.30 Smith, 220-gr.,	2,410	2,850	3.5	
.30-40 Krag, 180-gr.,	2,480	2,450	3.5	
.30-40 Krag, 220-gr.,	2,550	2,515	4.5	
.300 H.K. Mauser, 140-gr.,	3,000	2,750	2.5	
.300 H.K. Mauser, 220-gr.,	2,750	3,400	2.5	
.340 Win., 200-gr.,	2,520	2,820	4.5	
.340 Win., 180-gr.,	2,680	2,750	3	
.375 H.K., 215-gr.,	2,800	4,370	3	
.375 H.K., 270-gr.,	2,720	4,540	3	
.375 H.K. Mauser, 180-gr.,	2,540	4,300	3.5	
.405 Win., 300-gr.,	2,220	3,250	5.5	

The last one I have mentioned in this list is the Winchester .405, with 300-grain bullet, energy 3,250 pounds. This rifle was used largely in Africa by Theodore Roosevelt, Stewart Edward White, Cottar and others, for elephants, rhinos and other large game. It was always a fine lion gun, and I seem to remember that Roosevelt called it his "medicine" gun on lions. I am mentioning it here to show a popular gun in its day, both in Africa and in this country. There are better magnum rifles now, and the day of the .405 can be considered over.

The rifle that is still popular and may be for many years to come is the Winchester .270, 130-grain. I think this cartridge was designed by Winchester, rather than to follow Newton with the .256. The two cartridges are a good deal alike, and the .270 should have been the better game cartridge. I have always had a feeling that for Alaskan game, the .270 should have handled a bullet weighing 175 grains, but for the home states the cartridge is a good one as it stands. There are so many more powerful cartridges at present, that probably the change never will be made.

The .30, 180 Newton is a very powerful cartridge, and other than a minor use of the .256, about all we have left of Charles Newton. The bullet weighs 180 grains, the velocity is 2,830 feet, and the energy is 3,200 foot pounds. Had Newton possessed the powder we have today, his velocity for this cartridge should have gone to 3,000 feet and the energy to 4,000 foot pounds. As it is, the .30, 180 is

capable of taking any game found in Alaska.

The next lot is the Springfield line. These run from the 150-grain bullet at 2,960 feet, energy, 2,920 foot pounds, to 220-grain, velocity 2,470 feet, energy 2,840 pounds, to the common 180-grain, velocity 2,710 feet, as made by Peters, energy 2,940 pounds. These are all big game cartridges, capable of taking any big game we have in Alaska, with the exception of the big brown bear. In a pinch the big game hunter could get by in Alaska with the '06 case, and the different bullets fitted to that shell. Not one is a bad cartridge, and the average man need not worry about his armament if it was all based on the '06 case and the various rifles built for it in addition to the Springfield with the same chambering. Probably the Winchester Model 70, using these cartridges, is a favorite among hunters. The Remingtons also make a rifle for this line of shells in their .30 caliber big game output, 30-R and 30-S.

The Krag is a commonly used big game rifle, not quite so powerful as those that fit the Springfield chambering, but good enough for any kind of big game short of Alaska. I always liked the old Krag, because it developed less muzzle blast than the Springfield. I also liked the Enfield better than I did the Springfield, because the barrel was a trifle longer, about two inches, and the gun weighed about a pound more. I did my best shooting with the Enfield during World War I, because I did not shoot anything else. A major from Texas and I made an impromptu match one day at 300 yards, with an eight-inch bull. He was to shoot 10 shots with a muzzle rest, using a bayonet on his gun, to keep it from over-shooting. I had to fire my 10 shots from a sitting position, no rest. The Major put every shot in the eight inch bull, while I made 49, the last shot dropping an inch low. The shooting was harder than it sounds because that bull looked mighty small at 300 yards.

The .348 was designed particularly for power, power without too much weight. The first one I heard of was made for John Olin, who took it to Alaska. The rifle was a lever action Winchester, designed maybe, for the cartridge, bullet 200-grains, velocity 2,520 feet, energy 2,880 foot pounds, trajectory 4.5 inches high over the 200 yard range. Mr. Olin killed three brown bear with this rifle, not losing any, and shooting one twice, longer distance around 200 yards. It is a faster rifle than any bolt action. I tried one out and liked it fine, except that it kicked. The rifle also takes a 150-grain bullet for deer shooting, velocity 2,880 feet, energy 2,765 pounds, 3-inch trajectory.

Now we are coming to what are really magnum rifles, caliber 300 to 375, bullets from 220 to 300-grains, velocities from 2,730 feet to 2,860. Most of the real magnums have a striking force of from 3,640 foot pounds to 4,340 foot pounds. They are adapted to Alaskan shooting, particularly the big brown bears and moose. However their real mission would be in Africa on elephants, rhinos, hippos and lions.

We are not going to say much about

A Suggestion to the Millions of .22 cal. Rifle Owners

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So we respectfully make this suggestion to owners of .22 cal. rifles of all makes—Share your rifle with your neighbor. Explain the rules of safety. Show him how to handle and operate a rifle, how to "draw a bead" on the target. Let him experience the thrill of shooting. Use ammunition sparingly, and share the expense. You'll be making a real contribution to the war effort . . . for a nation of marksmen is unconquerable!



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The National Rifle Association Cooperates

To every owner of a gun and to every patriot—another suggestion. Right now is the time to apply for membership in the Rifle or Gun Club in your community. You'll find the members are the nicest, friendliest folks in town. And, though small arms ammunition may be scarce, reasonable quantities are available to such recognized clubs. Or, start your own shooting club. We will supply free, through The National Rifle Association, a helpful and interesting book on how to establish and conduct such a club.

To every owner who agrees to share his rifle—regardless of the make of the rifle—we will send, absolutely free, an authoritative, illustrated booklet "The Guidebook to Rifle Marksmanship," prepared by the National Rifle Association of America—a book every shooter will want.



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or longer, the county in which these places are located, the highway routes by which they may be reached and whether guide service will be provided.

A summary of the game laws, open seasons and information as to the cost of licenses and where they may be obtained is included in the booklet.

A request by mail to the vacation bureau of the State Department of Commerce, Harrisburg, Pa., will send the booklet to any and all inquirers.

Upland Bird and Duck Hunting in Manitoba

There is good prairie chicken and Hungarian partridge hunting in that part of Manitoba west of the Red River to the Saskatchewan boundary, and south of the Canadian Pacific Railway's main line. Around Melita in the southwest corner of the Province is one of the best districts. Mr. D. Lamont who operates a garage at that point, and is also a member of the Manitoba Game Commission, knows the best locations for shooting in that area. Good hunting of grouse and Hungarian partridge is to be had in the western part of the Province, also southeast of Winnipeg. Information on southeastern Manitoba can be obtained from Game Headquarters, Winnipeg.

For duck hunting, the Netley Marsh at the south end of Lake Winnipeg is good, the nearest town being Selkirk where good hotel accommodations can be had. The Netley Marsh is about 35 miles from Winnipeg. Another good hunting area is in the marshes along the east side of Lake Manitoba. The marsh at the southwest end of the lake is being used for military purposes, and hunting of course, would not be permitted. There is also good duck hunting in the Lake Winnipegosis Marshes, and in this connection there are several outfits that cater to visiting hunters. These districts can all be reached by good highways.

As to a district where there is both upland game bird and duck shooting, Rock Lake is one of the best. There is a very good stopping place at the lake and one could communicate with Joe Avery, Clearwater Post Office, Manitoba, as to accommodations, etc. Another good point for upland game birds, as already mentioned, is Melita. Duck shooting can be had in the Turtle Mountain Game Preserve which is 36 miles east and 12 miles south of Melita. Duck shooting is permitted in this Preserve where there are several small lakes. There are hotel accommodations at Melita and also Boissevain which is just north of the Turtle Mountain.

The Pas is one of the best districts in this Province for goose shooting. It is 480 miles northwest of Winnipeg, and is accessible by rail, plane and a good highway. Geese and also ducks are plentiful at several lakes which may be reached by car in the vicinity of The Pas. There is good hotel accommodation. There is also good goose and duck hunting to be had at Thicket Portage, Mile 185, Hudson Bay Railway.

For geese, there is also the Portage la Prairie district.

Ducks Unlimited Reports

By E. S. RUSSENMOLT
Of Ducks Unlimited (Canada)

MORE water means more ducks. Among the reasons for better duck hunting this fall are the excellent water conditions which prevailed in the Canadian breeding areas last spring and summer. (See "More Ducks? Check!" October Sports Afield.)

From the 2 million acre marshlands of the Saskatchewan River delta around The Pas, Manitoba, and Cumberland House, B. W. Cartwright, chief naturalist of Ducks Unlimited (Canada) reported more water and more ducks ready to fly south in mid-September.

"There are more ducks this year on the Saskatchewan River delta, and more water, too," reported Cartwright. "Last year, 75% of the marshes and lakes were dry. This year, the Saskatchewan River brought plenty of water down from the Rocky Mountains in July, and reflooded much of the dry expanses. DU dams have all worked perfectly; and hold more water than the map shows."

"At Norway House (north end of Lake Winnipeg) Pete Durant (Forest Ranger and DU Kee-man) and Corporal Kirk, R.C.M.P., report big increase in ducks. Much of the interior of Ross Island (51 miles long; 29 miles wide) is good duck-breeding ground. Reeder, Root and Rocky Lakes are all well up; but going down fast, now that the river is falling. (These lake beds were 75% dry in 1941. We can stabilize all with dams.)

"Pasquia Lakes all fully restored by our Joseph Knapp Dam and in better shape than I have ever seen them before. Thousands and thousands of ducks. Our Bracken Dam is holding more water than I have ever seen before in the restored Saskamer Lake. Covered with ducks. Can't venture an estimate of duck numbers—as the plane did not fly all around the lake, and criss-cross it low, like we do on our DU surveys. It's a sure thing, however, that over the whole region there are more than twice as many ducks as last fall."

Cartwright covered the area by plane in September, just before the ducks headed south. When war conditions denied Ducks Unlimited airplanes for the organization's annual aerial survey of the Northland, Hon. J. S. McDermid, Manitoba Natural Resources minister, offered space on routine inspection trips of the government's vast muskrat marshes.

◀ ◀ ◀

THERE'S one thing in this world that needs more "quacks"—and that is: a ruined duck marsh. But it takes more than quack remedies to "doctor" such destroyed marshes back to life and peak waterfowl production. Restoring ruined marshlands to the work the Creator intends them to do takes planning, research, construction, management.

And management does produce ducks! Ducks Unlimited (Canada) took over Big Grass Marsh in southern Manitoba when it was a ruin! Ruined by mistaken drainage! Following four years of slow recovery, 1942 showed an increase in ducks of 745 75%.



HAVE A GOOD TIME

As a sportsman, you know that outdoor recreation helps a man keep fit.

As a Patriot, you know that vigorous health is essential to winning this war.

These two facts add up to one conclusion: get in all the hunting and fishing you can.

While you're at it, you might as well enjoy yourself. It's no fun if you get chilled to the bone. Wear your Duofold underwear. . . Its 2-layer, with air space between, principle of construction gives you warmth without weight or bulk. . . It protects against chills caused by evaporation of perspiration which occurs from the outer layer—away from the skin.

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The Deacon Goes Goosin'

(Continued from page 21)



COLT Shooting Ace of Texas Highway Patrol Holds Three National Records and Co-Holder of Another

With his name legend on the books for four National Records, Texas Highway Patrolman Don Lawrence, a strictly Colt-shooter, stands well up in the ranks of the nation's best.

In outdoor competition, the Lone Star Stater holds both the 22 and Center Fire records over the 25-yard slow fire course (official targets). For the 22 record—192; for the Center Fire—190.

Two additional records for Lawrence in 22 gallery events: the 20-yard slow fire record with a 300 and a 293 over the NRA Short Course for a co-holdership with California's Glona Jacobs.

All Colts for Don Lawrence. A Colt Match Target Woodman for his 22 shooting, and a Colt Officers' Model for his Center Fire.

No—no have no revolvers or automatic pistols for sale at the present because of government controls. . . but we look forward to serving you again at the end of the war.

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Refuge, where the flocks had been settling to snatch a hasty lunch of green barley grass. Our blind was a patch of rusty weeds, thick enough to conceal us—if we lay flat on our backs in approved goose shooting fashion. The Deacon climbed behind the wheel and trundled the car a half-mile away, behind a thick clump of boxelders that screened it from the geese and the anticipated rays of the mounting sun.

"We oughta hit 'em this morning," he puffed, dropping into the cover a scant six feet away. "It's cloudy and windy and they'll be coming out later than usual. That means that they'll be hungrier and not so choosy about where they breakfast."

"The incurable optimist," I grinned, straightening a drooping decoy. "If you keep this up they'll have you in the booby hatch at Yankton before another season is over."

"Get down," he hissed. "They're coming!"

Unbelieving, I stared toward the distant refuge.

"Where . . . ?" I wondered.

"Get in here or I'll shoot your legs off at the hips," threatened a grim-faced Deacon. But even as I plunked into the blind I had glimpsed a faint line in the sky—fully a mile away.

It grew and grew, wavering not a particle as it flew right up the alley. A quarter-mile away it looked as if the birds were within 15 feet of the ground. Then I lay back, flat, and listened to the clamor of the coming flock.

"Say when," I suggested.

"When I say 'up' come out shootin'," was his answer. "And stay to your side of the flock so we don't waste it on the same bird."

The terrier-like yelping of the flock grew steadily louder. Strain as I might I couldn't detect that the birds were swinging a particle to one side or the other. But, bedded down so snugly, I couldn't risk a look; more goose hunts have gone for naught by one hunter being unable to hold still until the birds passed the 40-yard deadline than for any other single reason.

Then the calling of the flock began to fade to one side. That would have been all right if it was the side toward the decoys—but it wasn't. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the birds opposite us, then they went on by, still voicing their companionable gabble.

"They weren't scared," murmured the Deacon. "Something turned them, or they swung to come in up wind."

"Nuts," I growled, cautiously twisting about for a look. "Stay down! They are swinging and coming right at us!" My hands trembled so violently I could hardly hold my gun, but by a supreme effort, I held rigidly, every muscle taut.

It seemed hours that the clamorous voices grew steadily louder. At 200 yards, where I had last seen the birds, they'd seemed big enough to be in range and here they were taking five minutes to fly over us. But they were behind me and I dared not move.

"Up," barked a brisk voice and I reared

around in one motion. The birds were already spilling away from us, riding invisible slopes of air toward safety. My breath went out in a great gasp and only then did I realize that I'd been holding it and was nearly strangled. The crisp smash of burning nitro brought my own gun up and I swung ahead of a climbing goose, pulled, and felt the satisfying thump of the recoil.

MY TARGET slid back on its tail at least four feet, then swept up with its great wings and I smashed it with another leaden hail. In simple majesty the proud neck surrendered and fell limp. The trim outlines of a moment ago fell into wild disorder and the bird turned half over to fall with a single satisfying "whump."

"Nice shot," applauded a voice behind me. I turned, slowly, like a man in a daze. The Deacon was grinning like a schoolboy given an unexpected vacation. On winged feet I left that blind and picked up my goose. It was stone dead. With judicious ups and downs I hefted it. Somehow its weight belied its appearance of seconds ago—while I was shooting. Then I remembered.

"Did you get any?" I asked. The Deacon smiled smugly.

"Two," he admitted, his grin broadening.

"I don't believe it! Why, I didn't even hear you shoot!"

In answer he crawled out of the blind, walked a score of paces and picked up a goose, then 30 yards to the side and hoisted another Hutchins's out of the stubble. Still grinning he came back to the blind—but made the last 10 yards in three steps.

"Down," he gasped. "Here comes another flock!"

But the birds wouldn't swing in. Out came my goose call but, having once seen motion about the decoys, even my calling wouldn't overcome their native wariness. Another flock hove into view and came on without a swerve, only it followed the previous one—and passed two gunshots away.

"Gimme that call," growled the Deacon. "You have to know how to use it. Cut it off short, like this," demonstrating on yet another flock. But a couple of stragglers from one of the flocks behind us swept in within warning. At the Deacon's 'up' we burst into them, dropping one, and the incomers—still some hundreds of yards away—turned off.

"Why didn't we let those two go and wait for the flock?" I wondered. "We might have done better on more birds."

"A goose hunter coined the phrase 'a bird in the hand,'" instructed the Deacon. "Even if you see a flock of 200 geese coming at you 300 yards away, kill the one goose that's in range. Chances are the flock will see you, or even if it doesn't it may veer off—at the very edge of gun range."

"Like those?" I interrupted, pointing.

"Get down," he warned.

"What for? They're pelicans." But at the grim glint in his eye I sank down and held still.

"Pelicans, hell," he hissed. "Snow geese. Hold still!"

The birds had glimpsed us and veered off, but not quite far enough. Our four-shot barrage tipped one out of the flock and sent it into a dead-wing descent. For nearly a half-mile we kept it in sight as it planed on rigid wings, then a knoll shut it from sight.

"Haven't killed one of those in six years," mourned the Deacon. "Too bad we didn't see them sooner. But I think you've got yourself a white waver. It went down like a dead bird and I think we can find it if we get out there soon."

A northern distant flock drew near and, though the Deacon wooed it with his garrulity, it veered off. Though blocked by a thin overcast of clouds, the sun had increased visibility so the late comers probably could detect the difference between the decoys and the real thing. Too, more of them undoubtedly could see us in the growing light, despite our improving immobility.

"What do you mean, I got myself a snow goose? Wasn't that your bird?" I demanded.

"Now, I was shooting at the leader and he didn't even notice me. At that range your BB's probably turned the trick, while my 2's bounced off their heavy winter overcoats."

For 30 minutes we sat in the blinds, eagerly scanning the sky for approaching birds. But the morning feeding flight seemed to have spent itself and, leaving the Deacon in the blind, I set out to retrieve my snow goose. As I topped the knoll it lay in full sight, the neck outstretched toward me as if trying to hide in the scant cover. But it was stone dead and, as I lifted it, I noted a dirt smudge on its snowy breast. Along its line of flight I saw fresh earth disturbed and paced back toward it. The bird had hit 15 paces from where I found it, then skidded the rest of the way, making a final ground loop that faced it back toward the decoy setup.

The Deacon was leaving the blind as I got back.

"Stay down while I'm getting the car," he yelled. "And don't shoot any pelicans!" derisively.

But the flight was over for that morning, the feeding field "burned out" for further shooting. As the Deacon drove up I was contentedly smoothing the milky feathers of my "pelican."

"Told you we'd get geese if we used these decoys," he chortled, indiscriminately piling in geese and decoys and shells. And I was so lost in reviewing the brave sight of those successive flocks that I'd no heart to mention the dozen fruitless mornings before we'd hit Mother Nature's jackpot.

Absaroka

(Continued from page 23)

trout without even bothering to dismount. Although the lake is too small for roughening, mountain breezes sometimes play queer tricks. One of the most amusing angling sessions I can remember was one morning on Thompson when brisk breezes would pick up a freshly



Firing Model 55—Harrington & Richardson Reising Submachine Gun — Official Photo U. S. Marine Corps

NAVY DEPARTMENT ★ IMMEDIATE RELEASE ★ PRESS AND RADIO

MARINES ADOPT NEW WEAPON

The Reising Submachine Gun has been officially adopted as a supplementary .45 calibre weapon by the Marine Corps.

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The Reising is effective at ranges up to 300 yards, and is suitable for use by mechanized troops, air-borne infantry, vehicle operators and others whose duties require a short and light, yet high-powered and accurate weapon.

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The gun is of simple construction, having only three moving parts. Loaded magazines may be inserted swiftly and the weapon does not "back" as much as similar guns when long bursts are fired. It is air-cooled and reloading is accomplished by a delayed blow-back.

The same superiority of design and production today being built into H&R arms made to rigid military specifications, will characterize the new line of H&R Sporting Arms tomorrow.

*Exclusive Manufacturer: HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO., WORCESTER, MASS.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON

Wings Over the Willows

(Continued from page 27)

edges of the blind, like so many bullets. They plummeted down into the decoys.

"Go get 'em!" Murky snapped. I was too scared to get up for fear one would clip my head clean off. Somehow I managed to get in one shot, and had the satisfaction of seeing a black body drop back into the decoys.

"They're not much on eating, but they're dynamite on shooting," Hutton acknowledged.

I swallowed hard and waited to see what was going to happen next. It came in the form of an exhibition in duck calling. A pair of mallards, looking for a place to land, circled warily just out of range, and Murky started talking. One of them wanted to come in bad, but the other was cautious. A dozen times, Murky had the one coming in, but each time, his pal warned him off, and then, Murky won out. The lone mallard swung behind us and came planing in. Hutton nudged me to shoot. I couldn't miss—as he hung in the air.

A brace of pintails came over shortly after. It was getting unseasonably hot by now and the sun was brilliant. They came over low, their colors flashing in the sun. I grabbed for my camera, but Hutton brought one down before I could click the shutter.

For the next few hours, the shooting subsided somewhat. Not the parade of ducks, however. Flocks, big ones and little ones, ranging from a pair to a thousand, kept up a never-ending march high overhead. Blackjacks, widgeons, spoonbills, even an occasional bunch of canvas backs and fast flying wood ducks came over. It seemed as if every variety of duck was represented on the waters of the Spring Hole. Under ordinary conditions, the spot where we were now hunting would be a large slough, but high water had made it an enormous lake.

AT NOON we broke open our lunches. This is always a signal for action. A flock of spoonbills came drifting in behind us. We had just time enough to slap one of them down. Hardly had we settled down again, when a dozen bluebills circled us, warily this time. Once again we reached up, and two dropped out of the flock.

They left us alone after that, and some enlightening information came out of the pow-wow over our lunches. Both Hutton and I were using number five shot, but Murky stood by fours, for the reason that tests he had taken showed his model 97 Winchester gave him a killing pattern with this shot at between 40 and 50 yards. One thing that impressed me was the fact that I and many other persons were shooting far out of range. This accounts for the fact that so many ducks always come down fighting instead of dead.

Murky's calling, too, came in for a lot of discussion. He had a dozen calls dangling from his coat pockets. Although he explained it to me, I never did get the meaning, when he said one or the other was out of tune. I did see a vast differ-

ence in his handling of the duck call. Many hunters open up with a wild blast, that continues as long as the ducks are in sight. Not Murky. He sent a few sharp blasts, and then his tone moderated, often becoming a low, rolling feed call—again opening up in a loud call, and varying to excited chattering.

The afternoon hunt was not so fast as it had been in the morning, probably because the morning had been so crammed with excitement. We did get a few more ducks and some surprise visits that caught us flat-footed, but the real thrill came after four o'clock. Churning our way back towards the dock, we jumped a never ending succession of mallards. I looked at Murky suspiciously.

"Where have they been all day?"

Murky looked at the ducks as though he had never seen them before in his life. "Oh . . . the mallards . . . they're just beginning to come in. The big bunch will be coming in pretty soon."

I took a look at the parade of ducks and at Murky. His face was as sober as a judge.

NORTHERN PIKE DEVOUR DUCKLINGS

The northern pike, or pickerel, is undoubtedly one of the most voracious of fresh-water fishes, devouring indiscriminately other fishes, young waterfowl, small mammals, and carrion. It lies in wait in a dense bed of grass or rushes, darting out at its victims with lightning speed. It often attacks and kills fish as large as itself. Its chief enemy is man.

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ROCHESTER, U. S. A.

Big Eyes

(Continued from page 13)

Certainly when flushed again after the first flight the woodcock offers a hard enough target for any man's money and his flight suggests an overdone of red pepper. A friend of mine who amuses himself figuring out a reason for everything says the accelerated tempo is due to his having been waked out of a sound sleep when first flushed (he is often resting up after a long migratory journey) but when started the second or third time he is fully alive to what is going on and pushes the accelerator down to the floor boards.

Wonder has often been caused too by the apparently blind character of his flight—bumping into branches and obstructions as if he didn't see them. The position of his eyes—to the rear of his head—might mean that his forward vision is handicapped as a result, or he may be like the Killdeer bird and be more interested in what is behind him. Both phenomena are easily explained, according to my way of thinking, however, by the mere fact that he has had the daylight's scared out of him on his first flight by the bombardment of No. 9 shot. Any place seems better to him than the one where he is at and if a branch happens to be in his way at the time, why, it'll have to take care of itself. Mr. Woodcock is too busy.

BUT whatever differences of opinion may exist about the skill required to kill him there is little about his popularity as a game bird—to which the variety of his nicknames will attest.

Of these Timberdoodle is perhaps the commonest but in different localities you will also hear him fondly referred to as Woodsnipe, Big Eyes, Blind Snipe, Night Peck, Big-headed Snipe, Big Mud Snipe, Night Partridge, Labrador Twister, Whistling Snipe, Hookum Pake and Bog Bird.

Bog Bird's interest doesn't end with the hunting season. In fact I think the life of this little squat clown of the marshes has its most interesting phase in the spring when he would a-courting go. The little fellow forgets his ludicrous appearance then and woos with all the finesse and enthusiasm of a young John Barrymore.

When the fascination of witnessing his courtship is considered, it is surprising that not more persons have intruded upon this event. And I say that, who probably would never have witnessed it myself if it had not been for the kindness of a bird-minded friend of mine who has a happier faculty than I for ferreting out the interesting things of nature. And this is how he did it.

When he heard the buzzing metallic "zing" which is a part of the woodcock's courting ceremonies he checked until he had located the place where the bird was strutting his stuff. Then the next evening, as dusk fell, he parked his car at a distance of about 100 yards in a position where the headlights, as it grew darker, would reveal the entire performance.

He took me with him on one of these excursions and even John Burroughs, with whom I once explored the woods,

had no more interesting bit of nature to show me.

After sunset when the bushes in front of us began to grow fuzzy with evening's embrace, our leading man spiraled, cheeping and twittering into the air 100 yards or more—and even, when thickening darkness aided, completely out of sight. At the top of his flight he would circle and then sweep downward again in swift spirals, voicing his ecstasy in a torrent of cheeping.

During this solo flight his prospective mate waited near a bush, looking quite housewifely and demure with her plump brown body and round eyes glistening under our headlights.

The male would make a nice two-point landing and begin his love walk with tail spread, bowing and scraping like a small grouse or a diminutive turkey gobbler, uttering at intervals a harsh metallic call.

One would have thought that the lady in question would have fallen for all this finesse like an autumn leaf but apparently she was well versed in "What a Young Wood Hen Should Know." Time after time she turned indifferently away from his blandishments until in despair he shot into the air to go through the entire performance again.

Many times this was repeated until nine o'clock had passed before the woodcock was willing to admit that, taking the run of woodcocks by and large, he wasn't so bad.

Then with great delicacy we dropped the curtain on this charming little romance by starting the car. For after all, even a woodcock likes a little privacy.

Each year, I am sorry to say, the numbers of these comical looking little fellows grow less. He is too choosy a morsel for the epicures—there are many besides my Frenchman who believe there is nothing (not even the proverbial nightingales' tongue) that can improve upon his delicate flavor—for this to be otherwise. Coverts that once yielded 30 to 20 birds now will do well to shelter two or three. So make your acquaintance with him while you can and we are quite sure that you will find him a very charming and amusing little gentleman.

Collapsible Steel Grate



A COLLAPSIBLE steel grate, compressing in accordion fashion, can very easily be made. Simply take a number of pieces of flat steel, three-quarters of an inch to an inch in width and bolt (and flatten the bolts) in the manner shown in the illustration. The length of the steel pieces can be made to suit, usually a 15-inch width is sufficient. This grate is laid down on stones on either side, the grate running the full length of the crude stone fireplace. When not in use this grate compresses into a narrow bundle and can be tucked away in a canvas slip to take up but a trifle of space in the equipment.



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Because these same Pendleton fabrics are being used by our fighting forces our civilian production is necessarily limited. Stocks, however, are still available. For the name of your nearest Pendleton merchant—write to Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Ore.

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SKEET AND TRAPSHOOTING ★ JIMMY ROBINSON, Editor



Climax of the roaring Grand American was this tense moment when Jimmy Holderman, Morris, Ill., broke 25 straight targets in the shoot-off to break the tie for the Grand American handicap, most coveted honor in trapshooting, with Art Finney, Mankato, Minn., who broke 23. Both men had smashed 193 out of 200 targets to lead the big field of almost 1,000 trapshooters at Vandalia Field, Ohio.

Illinois Shooters Sweep Grand American **Capture Every Major Title Except Two After 10-Year Drouth at Nationals**

ILLINOIS trapshooters made a great comeback at the 43rd Grand American Trapshooting Tournament, held at Vandalia Field, Ohio. They swept every major championship except two—winning the Open championship, Champion of Champions event, Amateur Clay Target championship, Grand American Handicap and the state team race.

One of the greatest trapshooting states in the nation, Illinois had made a very ordinary showing at the Grand American during the past 30 years. Years ago, Mark Arie, Bert Lewis, Sam Jenny, Chan Powers, Homer Clark, Frank Hughes, Jay Graham and others I might mention were real factors in any major clay target race at the Grand American.

Illinois won its last state team race in 1934 and 1935, and before that, it won

just about half of the team championships at the Grand, which will give you an idea of the caliber of the Illinois gunners. Team races started in 1905 at Indianapolis, and Ohio took home the laurels that year. Illinois was second. But Illinois followed with victories in

1906, 1907 and in 1908. By team races we mean five shooters from one state forming one team, shooting against other states.

True, Illinois has produced some good shots in the past 10 years. The shooters have been right up in the money. Check

1942 GRAND AMERICAN TRAPSHOOTING CHAMPIONS

Grand American Handicap—James F. Holderman, Morris, Ill. (20 yds.)—193x200
 Open Championship—Hale Jones, Wood River, Ill.—198x200
 Vandalia Open—Norval Tanner, Kings Mills, O. (22 yds.)—97x100
 Amateur Clay Target Championship—Bill Drennen, Urica, Ill.—199x200
 Champion of Champions—Joe Moore, Kewanee, Ill.—100x100
 Doubles Championship—Rudy Etchen, Kansas City, Mo.—94x100
 Women's National Championship—Mrs. George Cameron, Houston, Tex.—192x200
 All-Around Championship—Julius Petty, England, Ark.—910x950
 High Gunner 16 yard Targets—Julius Petty, England, Ark.—495x500
 Class AA Championship—Julius Petty, England, Ark.—200x200
 Class A Championship—A. C. Long, Shamokin, Pa.—199x200
 Class B Championship—Jimmy Stinson, Bradford, Pa.—198x200
 Class C Championship—W. R. Egged, Dayton, Ohio—195x200
 Class D Championship—Bobby Siffel, Casey, Ill.—195x200
 Professional Championship—Clyde C. Mitchell, Bridgeport, Conn.—196x200
 Professional Grand American Handicap—Homer Clark, Sr., Alton, Ill. (22 yds.)—184x200
 Women's Grand American Handicap—Carolyn Elliott, Nashville, Tenn. (18 yds.)—183x200
 Veterans' Championship—John Etelman, Lancaster, Pa.—96x100
 Husband and Wife—Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Rader, Jeffersonville, O.—188x200
 Junior—J. M. "Bubba" Jones, Shreveport, La.—97x100
 Sub-Junior—Roy Foxworthy, Indianapolis, Ind.—92x100
 Father and Son or Daughter—Carl and Florence Mos, Cincinnati, O.—195x200
 Grand American Handicap on 100 Targets—George Kinnitz, Houston, Tex. (21 yds.)—98x100
 Women's Champion of Champions—Lala Hall, Strasburg, Mo.—98x100
 Preliminary G.A.H.—Ruben Frederick, Belleville, O. (18 yds.)—98x100
 Women's Grand American Handicap on 100 targets—Mrs. Donald McClain, Atlanta, Ga. (20 yds.)—92x100
 Women's G. A. Preliminary—Mrs. Donald McClain, Atlanta, Ga. (20 yds.)—92x100
 Professional Doubles—Clyde C. Mitchell, Bridgeport, Conn.—94x100
 Professional Preliminary Handicap—Joe Davison, Kansas City, Mo. (23 yds.)—93x100
 Professional Doubles—Clyde C. Mitchell, Bridgeport, Conn.—94x100
 Professional G.A.H. on 100 targets—Homer Clark, Sr., Alton, Ill. (22 yds.)—96x100
 Professional All-Around—Clyde C. Mitchell, Bridgeport, Conn.—891x1000
 Jim Day Cup—Bill Drennen, Urica, Ill.—482x500
 John Philip Sousa Trophy—Marl Enoch, Topeka, Kansas
 Sports Writers' Event—Fritz Howell, Columbus, Ohio—45x50
 State Team Race—Illinois (Drennen, Moore, Pugh, Thompson, Jones)—963x1000
 Vandalia Open Handicap (Women) Mrs. George Fairchilds, Reading, Pa. (18 yds.)—95x100
 Targets Trapped—962,790. Shells Sold—1,073,000



Gordon Hight, Rome, Ga., is the newly elected president of the Amateur Trapshooting Association of America.

out Mark Aris and Hale Jones, however, and you will find that the Illini have won exactly NO major championships during this period. By major championships we refer to the Amateur Clay Target championship, the Doubles, the All-around, the Champion of Champions race, the Open championship, and you can toss in the Grand American Handicap, which is decided on luck more than any of the forenamed competitions.

Let's do a little checking. Ten years have shown no Illinois winners in the Grand American Handicap, no winners in the Open championship, one winner, Mark Aris, in the doubles in '34; no winners in the All-around championship; three winners in the Champion of Champions race, Hale Jones in 1936 and 1937 and Mark Aris in 1934, and no victories in the Amateur Clay Target championship. Add them up and you have just four victories. That's a poor showing for such a great clay target state.

But Illinois made up for it this year and how! The Illini were sizzling hot when they arrived at the roaring Grand this year. They garnered every major championship except the All-round (won by Julius Petty) and the doubles (Rudy Etchen was the winner). You can toss in their state team victory if you wish.

HALE JONES, Wood River, Ill., who has kept Illinois in the limelight with just half the champions that this state has produced in the past 10 years, came through the first day of this year's Grand with a hard fought victory in the Open championship when he crashed 198 out of 200 in the regular event and 50 straight in the shoot-off. Then came Joe Moore's popular victory in the Champion of Champions race with 100 straight in the main event and 50 straight in the shoot-off. Joe makes his home in Keewanee, Illinois. The next day came the all important Amateur Clay Target championship race and this time it was Joe's shooting pal, big Bill Drennen of Utica, Ill., who burned up 199 out of 200 in the regular race and 25 straight in the shoot-off. That made it victory No. 3 of the week, and each championship was gained only after a heated shoot-off with the nation's greatest clay target shots.

Then came the grand finale—the Grand American Handicap race, which, for the first time, was shot on 200 handicap targets, 100 of which were shot on Thursday, the remaining 100 on Friday. Shooting in a late squad, it was Jimmy Holderman, Morris, Ill., farmer, who turned the trick. Standing on 20 yards, he blasted out 193 out of 200 to tie the eagle-eyed Art Finney of Mankato, Minnesota, who had finished with the same score in an early squad. Illinois luck held out in the shoot-off when Holderman crashed 25 straight for the title. Finney, back on 23 yards, missed two targets.

Let's do a little more checking. Each and every one of the Illinois victories were won by shoot-offs. The Illinoians broke every target in the four shoot-offs—150 straight clays, a world's record for this many events. Jones broke 50 straight shoot-off targets, Drennen needed only 25. Joe Moore busted a 50 straight and Holderman a 25 from 20 yards. Then, as

I said before, you can toss in the Illinois state team victory for good measure.

Holderman Handicap King

Holderman, the new Grand American Handicap king, is 32 years old. Says he's a farmer and a good one. Has a nice farm—raised 240 acres of soy beans last year, 200 pigs and 100 white-faced cattle, which should help Uncle Sam some in the war.

Holderman is a hunter. He shoots quail, ducks and pheasants. His next big thrill will be gunning for the northern ducks which he hunts in a pot hole on his farm. "No. I'm not interested in other sports. You see I'm a dad and a farmer. I've got a daughter, Jean. She's five and we're expecting another real soon." Holderman

averaged .9128 on 1,400 registered targets last season. He has never won any important events.

He is not a "dark horse" winner, however. Any shooter who takes second place on all targets at the Grand American must be a good shot. He proved his mettle in winning the Grand American shoot-off with 25 straight hits from the 20-yard line. Those were targets that counted. He's a well built chap. We may hear more of Holderman in the future.

Art Finney, the 37-year-old Mankato sportsman who tied Holderman for the Grand American crown, is a good shot. Specializes in 16-yard targets. Was good enough to captain my Minneapolis Star-Journal All-State team in Minnesota a

(Continued on page 59)



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1942 GRAND AMERICAN CHAMPIONS

Grand American Trapshooting Tournament, Vandalia Field, Ohio

Lela Hall
Women's Champion of Champions



Bobby Stifel
D Class Champion



Rudy Etchen
Deafblind Champion



Norval Tanner
Vandalia Open
Hunting



Joe Davison
Professional
Trapshooting
Hunting



Mrs. George Cameron
National Women's Champion



J. M. "Bubba" Jones
Junior Champion





Jimmy Stinson
B Class Champion

(Right)
Mrs. George Fairchild
Woman's Varsity
Open Handicap



Hale Jones (left) and Junior Dick
Jules with Open Championship



Carl Mos and
Florence Mos
Father and Daughter
Champions



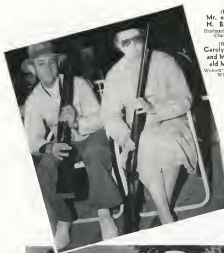
W. R. Egged
Class C Champion



Clyde C. Mitchell
National Professional Champion



Roy Foxworthy
Bob-Junior Champion



(Left)
Mr. and Mrs.
H. B. Rader
Husband and Wife
Champion

(Right)
Carolyn Elliott
and Mrs. Donald
McClellan
Women's Handicap
Winners



Julius Petty (left) and Joe Moore
Husband-Wife AA and All-around
Moore—Champion of Champions



Art Finney, Ned Lutz, Jimmy Holderman
Lutz (center) presents Grand American Handicap
trophy to Jimmy Holderman (right). Art Finney,
runner-up, is at left.



Bill Drennon
National Clay Target Champion



Homer Clark, Sr.
Professional G.A.B. Winner



John Eskelman, Jr.
Veteran's Champion

Illinois Shooters Sweep Grand American

(Continued from page 55)

couple of years ago. Art is a little fellow, but dynamite with his shotgun. Broke 200 straight at the Grand American last year to win the A class title. Won the Minnesota state championship at Sleepy Eye in 1938 with 197 out of 200.

FINNEY, who is in the dry cleaning and fur business, is a real hunter, not only on upland birds and ducks but also on big game. Goes big game hunting in Ontario and northern Minnesota every fall. Got a moose last year—a big one. Art is married and has two children, a daughter, Gretchen, who is five, and son, Arlo, who is two-and-one-half.

George Kinsitz, Houston, Tex., and Pete Ammann, the recall pad gent from Peotone, Ill., broke 192's to tie for third and fourth place. The Texas boy broke 23 out of 25 to win the shoot-off. Pete, who stood on 22 yards, took fourth position.

It took another shoot-off for fifth place trophy, when Art Holm, Minneapolis, and Levi Schick, Bellefontaine, O., scored 191's. Art busted 25 straight in the shoot-off from the 21-yard line while Schick at 20 yards dropped five birds. Three 190's followed from the guns of Charlie Doughman, Morrow, O., on 22 yards; W. W. Coffman, Dayton, O., stationed at 18 yards, and big Bill Drennen, Utica, Ill., the National Clay Target champ, who took the 24-yard mark. Charlie won the shoot-off and seventh place. Coffman placed eighth and Drennen ninth.

There were seven 189's. O. R. Sorg, Muncie, Pa., was the winner of the shoot-off with 24 out of 25 from the 20-yard mark. That gave him 10th place. The others were Dennis Hull, North Bend, Ore. (20 yds.); J. B. Petty, Jr., England, Ark. (21); W. H. Mathers, Greenfield, Ind. (19); Wm. Akers, Dayton, O. (22); B. V. Havens, Indianapolis (21), and D. M. Long, Pittsburg, O. (18).

Carolyn Elliott, Nashville, Tenn., who had tied Mrs. Donald McClain, Atlanta, Ga., in both the Preliminary and Grand American Specials in the Women's division, tied with Mrs. McClain again on the total 200 targets, which decided the Women's Grand American proper. They each broke 183 out of 200 with Miss Elliott breaking 24 out of 25 in the shoot-off to win. Mrs. McClain was second with 23 out of 25. Miss Elliott stood on 18 yards, while Mrs. McClain took 20 yards. Mrs. Blanche Wolfe, New York City, who broke 197 out of 200 in the Open championship last year, placed third with 189 out of 200.

The professional winner was Homer Clark, Sr., Alton, Ill., who turned in 184 out of 200 from the 22-yard mark. Clyde Wells, Bridgeport, Conn., placed second with 183. We might add that Homer Clark won the World's Professional championship at the World War I Grand American in 1918.

Jimmy Robinson's complete day-by-day report on the 1942 Grand American begins on the next page.

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Illinois won the team championship and the Sports Afield trophy. Left to right are Hale Jones, E. T. Fugh, Bill Drennon, Ray Loring, manager of the Amateur Trapshooting Association, Earl Thompson and Joe Moore.

THE GRAND AMERICAN, DAY BY DAY

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21

Preliminary

Captain Phil Miller, Las Vegas, Nev., rang up 100 straight hits to win the opening Preliminary 16-yard race Friday. Art Cusack, Tampa, Fla., who is helping train gunners in the Army, crashed 100 straight to lead professional gunners. Lela Hall, Strasburg, Mo.; Jerry Tanner, Kings Mills, O.; K. E. Mitchell, Greenville, O., (who helped with the handicapping) and C. H. Sears, Harpeter, O., broke 99's to tie for second place. There were five 49's in the 90-target handicap race—Jerry Tanner; Phil Miller; Ernie Chamberlin, Martinsville, N.Y., another faithful worker on the handicapping committee; P. O. Harbage, West Jefferson, O., and C. F. Otto, Raymond, Indiana. Harbage won the shoot-off. The Doubles winner was big Karl Maust of Columbus, O., who broke 90 straight targets.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22

Preliminary

Big Karl Maust, Columbus, O., and John Vogel, Alliance, Neb., broke 100 straights to share first place in the second day of the Preliminary firing. Homer Clark, Sr., Alton, Ill., topped professional gunners with the third perfect score of the day. E. R. Lutz of Tennessee, president of the A.T.A.; the veteran Charlie Young, Springfield, O.; Hale Jones, Wood River, Ill.; W. T. Jonas, Lexington, Ky., and E. R. Chamberlin, Martinsville, N.Y., shared second place honors with 99's. Lutz broke 99 straight and then missed his last target.

Jack Bruns, Wood River, Ill., smashed 50 straight from the 21-yard line to win the Handicap competition. J. J. Davis, Kansas City, Mo., and C. E. Huber, Tiffin, O., both on 22 yards, followed with 49's. Karl Maust and Cal Ray, Coquille, Ore., led the Doubles shooters with 48 out of 50.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 23

Open Championship

Hale Jones, the Wood River, Ill., goose hunter, one of the world's greatest shots, opened up the official 254 Grand American Sunday by winning the Open championship with 248 out of 260 in the regular event and 50 straight in the shoot-off. Hale had

been tied by three of the nation's leading trapshooters, Karl Maust, Columbus, O., and Lt. Joe Hunsand, Hillsboro, O., who dropped out in the first 25 targets of the shoot-off, and Ralph Jenkins, Orleans, Ind., who broke his first 25 straight, but faltered in his next event. Jenkins took second place.

Maust won the Class 1 championship. B. M. Higginson, Newburgh, N.Y., copped the Class 2 title with 149 out of 200, while E. E. Thompson, Syracuse, N.Y., took the Class 3 crown with 183 out of 200. The Class 4 honors went to Dr. J. D. McCullough, Aurora, Ill., the gent whom you see at nearly any mid-west shot, auctioneering shooters with "Marcy" Marcussen.

Vandalla Open Handicap

The Tanner brothers of Kings Mills, O., are among the first fight of the country's leading handicap shots. We doubt that there are two brothers in the world who can best them from the back yardage marks. Big Jerry Tanner, you may recall, won the Vandalla Open handicap last year. This year it was Norval Tanner, who won it with 47 out of 100 from the 22-yard mark. Close on Tanner's heels were John DeLong, Topeka, Kansas, and B. G. Mendenhall, Grants Pass, Oregon, with a couple of 99's, both shot from the 22 yard line. DeLong won the shoot-off, which gave him second place to Tanner.

Mrs. George Fairchild, Reading, Pa., at 18 yards, turned in the fine score of 95 out of 100 to lead women shooters. Mrs. Fairchild is a good live pigeon shot, big game and upland hunter of note.

MONDAY, AUGUST 24 Champion of Champions

Joe Moore, Kewanee, Ill., chalked up another major victory for Illinois Monday in the Champion of Champions race when he shattered 100 straight in the main event and 50 straight in the shoot-off to defeat Julius Petty, England, Ark.; Howard Schick, Lee's Summit, Mo., and Earl D. Hawkey, Hudson, Kansas. Schick, a fine shot but badly handicapped by hay fever, and Earl Hawkey, who had broken 100 out of 260 to win the Kansas state title, dropped out in the first 25 targets of the shoot-off. Petty missed one in his next event and Joe went straight. Moore operates a bowling alley

in Kewanee and is one of the most popular shotgun features in Illinois. 35 gunners entered the Champion of Champion race.

Lela Hall, Strasburg, Mo., who has won more Grand American titles than any other woman gunner, scored a decisive victory in the Women's Champion of Champions race when she shattered 38 out of 100. Three shooters, Mrs. George Peters, Springfield, O., Mrs. Van Marker, Evanston, Ill., and Mrs. George Fairchild, Reading, Pa., tied for second place with 123's. Mrs. George Peters won second honors after the shoot-off, between her and Mrs. Fairchild's. Due to a mix-up in time, Mrs. Van Marker did not enter the shoot-off.

Junior Championship

Fifteen-year-old J. M. "Bubba" Jones, a clemat, eagle-eyed Shreveport, La., school-boy, surprised a strong field in the Junior championship by winning the title with 87 out of 100, nosing out Bobby Stifal, Casey, Ill., last year's Sub-Junior winner by one target. Bubba is no flash in the pan. He's a real shot. He topped the entire Grand American field Monday in one of the special handicap races with 97 out of 100 from the 21-yard mark; was high gun in the Texas State Handicap with 96 out of 100; he and his dad tied for the Louisiana state handicap with 94's, and he twice tied for high gun in Mississippi handicaps.

The Sub-Junior crown went to 13-year-old Roy Foxworthy, a good looking boy from Indianapolis. Roy broke 92 out of 100, nosing out Joe Dever, Dayton, O., by one pigeon.

Father and Son (or Daughter)

For the first time in history of trapshooting, a father and daughter, rather than a father and son won the Father—"Offspring Event." Florence Mos, a wonderful shot, and her dad, Carl, another great gun pointer, scored a popular victory in this race when they shattered 196 out of 200, Carl posting a 93, Florence a 97.

Veterans' Championship

John Esbelman, Lancaster, Pa., former president of the Amateur Trapshooting Association, 72 years of age, (John doesn't look a day over 60) won the Veterans' Championship with 96 out of 100. He defeated George Nicolai of Kansas City in the shoot-off. Esbelman, a fellow well met, liked by everybody, holds the joint Chewing Tobacco Championship title with Homer Clark of Alton, Illinois.

Husband and Wife

The Husband and Wife championship went to Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Rader, Jeffersonville, O., but only after a shoot-off with Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Andrews of Spartanburg, S.C. They broke 188 out of 200.

Handicap

J. M. "Bubba" Jones, Shreveport, La., broke the fine score of 97 out of 100 from the 21 yard line to win the 100 target Special Handicap event. J. R. Jackson, Dayton, O., (second) Homer Clark, Jr., Alton, Ill., and Fred Fellenzer, Tracey, Minn., broke 95's.

Class Champions

Hale Jones, Wood River, Ill., won the Class AA trophy with 99 out of 100 in the regular event and 50 straight in the shoot-off to defeat Lt. Joe Hiestand, Hillsboro, O., Ted Ross, Millersport, O., and Captain Phil Miller, Las Vegas, Nevada.

The Class A honors went to Mart Enoch, Topeka, Kansas, who banged out 100 straight, but was tied by Horace Aldritt, Excelsior, Minn., and Ray Underwood, Corinth, Miss. Jimmy Stinson, Bradford, Pa., and Gordon Hight, Rome, Ga., broke 98's to lead the B class shooters with Jim winning the shoot-off. The C Class leader was Gil Landgrebe, Huntingburg, Ind., who

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scored 84 out of 100. J. A. Sabata, David City, Neb., placed second with 96 and Horace G. Mann, Muncie, Ind., third with 95.

Young Bobby Stifal, Casey, Ill., topped the D Class laurels with 96 out of 100. There were three ties for second place with J. O. Dudley, Floydada, Tex., the winner with his 95. E. J. Modjeska, Kingston, N.Y., was third and Dr. C. C. Lyons, Logan, O., fourth.

The Professional winner was Clyde C. Mitchell, Bridgeport, Conn., who connected with 98 out of 100 in the main event and 25 straight in the shoot-off to defeat W. C. Morris of Dallas, Texas. Morris, by the way, shot every target on the Grand American program and had his fill of targets for once, he remarked after the shoot.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 25

Women's Championship

It was a battle royal in the Women's championship of North America right down to the wire. In fact, it was the greatest national Women's race in history. When the smoke had cleared away, Lela Hall, Strasburg, Mo., who has won this title five times; Mrs. George Cameron, Houston, Texas, who has been shooting like a house on fire, and Mrs. Isaac Andrews, Spartanburg, S.C., whom we might term a dark horse, although she is a very good shot, were tied at the end of the 200 target program with 197's. The shoot-off was short and sweet, with Mrs. Cameron, the victor, breaking 25 straight targets. Lela broke 24 out of 25 for second place and Mrs. Andrews was third.

Mrs. Cameron won the Texas State handi-cap last year with 97 out of 100. Her average this year hovers around the 96 per cent mark. Then, just to show you that her victory was no fluke, she stepped out the next day and crashed 155 out of 200. Mrs. H. E. Grigsby, Oklahoma City, O., former National champion who always shoots well, broke 190 out of 200 for fourth position.

Professional Championship

Clyde C. Mitchell, Bridgeport, Conn., won the Professional championship of North America with 196 out of 200. Clyde has attended 31 Grand Americans. He tied for the Professional championship six times, only to be edged out each time in the shoot-off. Mitch is well known to the trapshooting world as a great all-around trapshot, hunter and expert fisherman. Clyde Wells, Bridgeport, Conn., who broke 199 out of 200 to win the Professional championship last year, broke 194 out of 200 to take second place to Mitchell.

Amateur Championship

Bill Drennen, Utica, Ill., won the Amateur Clay Target championship of North America with 199 out of 200 in the regular event and 25 straight in the shoot-off to defeat Junior Dick, Hale Jones, Howard Slack and Walter Beaver. This race was described in last month's Sports Afield.

Class Winners

Julius Petty, England, Ark., rang up 198 out of 200 to top the Class AA honors Tuesday. Lt. Joe Hiestand, Hallisboro, O., placed second with 197. There was a string of 198's in A class with H. H. Stecher, Haven, Kansas, the winner in the shoot-off. Dick Williams, Lawrence, Kansas; J. H. Ferguson, Shreveport, La.; Mart Enoch, Topeka, Kansas; Dr. J. E. Schuster, Cincinnati, O.; and B. V. Christie, Houston, Tex., followed in order.

A Brookville, O., gunner, Ed Moler, broke the fine score of 197 out of 200 to take the B class honors. L. C. Turnock, the Cleveland, O., doubles expert; Jimmy Holdeman, Morris, Ill.; and G. W. Carson, New Waverly, Ind., busted 196 out of 198, with Turnock the winner of the shoot-off and

second place. Horace G. Mann, Muncie, Ind., and J. A. Sabata, David City, Neb., tied for the C class honors where they scored 187's, with Mann winning the shoot-off for first position. Buck Osborn, St. Joe, Mo., took third with 192.

The D class winner was Roger Dell, a Fergus Falls, Minn., duck hunter. He scored 194 out of 200. Bobby Stifal, Casey, Ill., took second honors with 193. Three gunners broke 187's for third place—Bob Clyne, Troy, O.; Albert Corsetti, Yellow Springs, N.J., and Johnny Flagg, from Hackensack, N.J. Clyne won the shoot-off and third place.

Four hundred and fifty took part in the 50 target Handicap race Tuesday afternoon. Four gunners, J. E. Dinsinger, Lebanon, Pa.; Vince Forster, Springfield, Minn.; E. E. Week, Williamsburg, O., and H. J. Mollenkamp, Columbus, O., shattered 50 straight to divide the big end of the purse.

High Elected President

Gordon L. Hight, 32-year-old wholesale grocery distributor from Rome, Ga., was elected president of the Amateur Trapshooting Association. Mr. Hight is a real sportsman, conservationist and gentleman. He will make the trapshooters a good leader.

Hight succeeds Ned Lutz, Knoxville, Tenn., one of the nation's most popular gunners. As was often said about Ned: "Ned Lutz likes everybody and everybody likes Ned." He was a top notch president and worked night and day, oftentimes neglecting his business in the interest of trapshooting.

Sam Sherman, Salt Lake City, Utah, was named vice-president, replacing Herman Peterson, Dillon, Montana. Ernie Chamberlain, Martinsville, N.Y., took over the office of Jimmy Stinson, Bradford, Pa. Ernie Macdonald, Minneapolis, and Fred King, Wichita Falls, Tex., were re-elected. Lawrence Krieg, Newark, O., was re-elected secretary. Dr. R. H. Butler, Bellefontaine, O., will still hold down the position of treasurer. Ray Loring, efficient manager of the A.T.A., was re-elected to this important post.

Sports Writers' Title

Fritz Howell, Columbus, O., the capable and well liked Associated Press sports writer, won the Sports Writers' event with 45 out of 50 in the main event and 23 out of 25 in the shoot-off to defeat Johnny Mock, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mock, who writes for the Pittsburgh Press, is an enthusiastic trapshooting booster, who has done much for the improvement of the sport around the Keystone state. Bill Mayfield, Dayton, O., the boy who takes your photo at the Grand, placed third. Mayfield has been taking photographs of the trapshooters at the Grand American for years. Howell, Mock and Mayfield were the main spokes in the publicity wheel at the Grand.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26

National Class Champions

Julius Petty, England, Ark., won the North American Class AA championship with 206 straight hits. Bill Drennen, Utica, Ill., placed second with 199. Following in order with 198's were Joe Moore, Kewanee, Ill.; E. V. Ross, Millersport, O.; Walter Beaver, Conshohocken, Pa.; Karl Maust, Columbus, O., and Howard Schuck, Lee's Summit, Mo.

The A class winner was Andy Long, Shazekin, Pa., who registered 199 out of 200. E. B. Chamberlin, Martinsville, N.Y., and H. H. Stecher, Haven, Kansas, took second and third place with the same scores. Then came the 198's in order—C. E. Huber, Tiffin, O.; Dick Williams, Lawrence, Kansas; J. H. Hinklin, Marion, O.; Art Finney, Mankato, Minn., and L. E. Smith, Peru, Indiana.

The B class winner was Jimmy Stinson,

Bradford, Pa., who broke 198 out of 200. George Dillon, Mayville, Ky., was second with 197 and three 196's followed—D. Kingen, Fortville, Ind. (third); Ed Chase, Oakkosh, Wis. (fourth); and Merville Bray, Blooming Prairie, Minnesota, fifth. W. T. Middleton, Sterling, Ill., Henry Hart, Ruleville, Miss., and Jimmy Holderman, Morris, Ill., broke 196's but were edged out in the shoot-offs for places.

A Dayton, O., gunner, W. R. Egged, turned in 195 to capture the C class title. Three 194's followed—S. J. Whelan, Norwood, O. (second place); Marty Artt, Toledo, O. (third); F. M. Moore, Chillicothe, O. (fourth); Mrs. Isaac Andrews, Spartanburg, S.C., finished fifth with 193.

Bobby Stifel, Casey, Ill., who had taken second place in D class Tuesday, came up with 195 out of 200 to easily place the D class gunners. A couple of Gopher gunners, Jess Anthony, Grand Rapids, who has been shooting since 1898, and Jimmy Williams, Nashua, Minnesota, took second and third places with 193's. Bob Cline, Troy, O., placed fourth with 192 and Everett Addy, Springfield, O., was fifth with 191. Other 191's were R. A. Reynolds, Orrville, O.; H. E. Ray, Richmond, Ind., and Lawrence Bollman, Prophetstown, Illinois.

State Team Race

Illinois, which has won nearly half of the State Team races since their inception in 1905, again topped this competition with 983 out of 1,000. Bill Drennen, Utica, led the team with 199 out of 200. Other scores were Joe Moore, Kewanee, 198; Hale Jones, Wood River, 196; E. T. Pugh, Peoria, 196, and Earl Thompson, Peoria, 194. Ohio placed second with 961 out of 1,000, with Karl Maass, Columbus, 198; J. Joe Hiestand, Hillsboro, O., 197; Charlie Bogert, Sadsbury, 197; F. S. Ferguson, Cambridge, 197, and P. O. Harbage, 194. Arkansas with five fine shots, Julius Petty, Bill Smead, Bob Andrews, Joe Fayer and Jimmy Johnson, was third with 960 out of 1,000. Other leaders were Kansas 978, New York 977, Missouri 978 out of 1,000.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27

Doubles Championship

Rudy Etchen, Kansas City, Mo., won a popular victory in the North American Doubles championship when he crashed 94 out of a possible 100. Rudy was born in Chicago just before the 1923 Grand American, which was held at the South Shore Country Club that year. His father, the famous Fred Etchen, former National Doubles champion, was vice-president of the A.T.A. that year and was helping make the Grand American program when Rudy was born. Rudy's victory was no flash in the pan. He has always been a great doubles shot and his 99 per cent average on 16-yard targets, which he had when he came to the Grand this year, speaks for itself.

Clyde Mitchell, Bridgeport, Conn., rang up the same score to lead Professional gunners. Clyde Wells, Bridgeport, Conn., broke 93 for second honors.

Rudy saved himself a few shells and plenty of trouble when he banged out that 94. Six gunners broke 93's to closely follow the new champion. They finished in this order—L. J. Hiestand, (who won A class); Bill Drennen; Walter Beaver; Cal Ray, Coquille, Oregon, and Ray Flennup, St. Louis, Mo.

The B class winners were Floyd J. Starr, Terrace P.O., Pa. (first), Ned Latz, Knoxville, Tenn., and H. A. Paters, Alexander, Iowa, who all broke 86's. The C class winners, all with 78's were Julius Marvey, Washington, D.C. (first); Dr. R. C. Snavely, Hagerstown, Md., and Mack Frazier, Frankfort, Ind. Three hundred gunners, a record entry, took part in the competition.

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Preliminary Handicap

Ruben Frederick, Bellevue, O., who wore a Clark Gable smile, broke the fine score of 98 out of 100 from the 18-yard line in the main event and 22 out of 25 in the shoot-off to defeat Earl Goetz, Mansfield, O., to win the Grand American Preliminary handicap. Goetz, on 18 yards, broke 21 out of 25. Frederick, the winner, shot a grand race, being handicapped by the loss of his left hand. Both gunners are unknown in big time shooting. Goetz is 17 years of age.

Pete Ammann, Peotone, Ill., gun and manufacturer, 21 yards, took third place with 37 out of 100 in the regular event and 23 out of 25 in the shoot-off to defeat Everett Addy, Springfield, O. Addy, who stood on 19 yards, gained fourth position. H. E. Bloomensrader, Highmore, S.D., on 22 yards, shot out a number of 96's for fifth place. Sixth position went to Clifford Doughman, Marion, O., on 21 yards, and Jerry Tanner, Kings Mills, O., took seventh on 23 yards.

Mrs. Don McClain, the popular Atlanta, Ga., gunner won the Women's Preliminary trophy with 92 out of 100 in the main event and 23 out of 25 in the shoot-off to defeat Carolyn Elliott, Nashville, Tenn., a 19-year-old junior at Vanderbilt University. Mrs. McClain stood on 20 yards while the Elliott tied the 18-yard mark. Joe Davison, Kansas City, Mo., and Grant Iweng, Chicago, Ill., tied for the Professional title, with Joe winning by a toss of a coin. The Preliminary scores were added to the Grand American scores of the following day, on which the Grand American winner was to be decided, for the first time in history—200 targets.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28

Grand American Handicap

George Kemnitz, Jr., youthful Houston, Tex., gunner, would have been our new Grand American Handicap king, had it not been for the new rule this year that this race should be decided on the two days of handicap shooting on Thursday and Friday. George broke 99 out of 100 from the 21-yard line. Jimmy Holderman, Morris, Ill., (who did win the Grand handicap with 103 out of 200 as we have explained) gained the second place trophy on Friday's race when he smashed 98 out of 100 in the main event and 24 out of 25 to defeat Bill Miller, the Cleveland, O., trapshooter.

A couple of 37's followed—one from the gun of Art Finney, who hails from Manitowish, Minn., on 23 yards; the other from F. Desminger of Lebanon, Pa., on 22 yards. Finney won the shoot-off and fourth place.

T. B. Packer, Thorntown, O., on 18 yards, shot out a bevy of 96's for sixth position. Bill Drennen, Utica, Ill., (24 yards) took seventh; W. W. Coffman, Dayton, O., eighth; E. E. Weak, Williamsburg, O., ninth; Lewi Schick, Bellefontaine, Ohio, 10th; Jimmy Stinson, Bradford, Pa.; G. D. Voss, Ft. Dodge, Iowa; John T. Platts, Scenery Hill, Pa., and Dr. J. W. Stanton, Chicago, didn't shoot-off for places.

The professional winner was Homer Clark, Alton, Ill., who scored 96 from the 22-yard line.

Mrs. Donald McClain of Atlanta, Ga.; Carolyn Elliott of Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. George Fairchild, Reading, Pa., and Mrs. Blanche Wolfe, New York City, tied for the Women's championship and Mrs. McClain again won the Women's trophy when she broke 22 out of 25. Miss Elliott was second, Mrs. Fairchild's third. Mrs. Wolfe did not shoot-off.

All-around Championships

The All-around championship was won by Julius Petty, England, Ark., who scored 910 out of a possible 950. Two Jimmy's followed, Jimmy Stinson of Bradford, Pa., and Jimmy Holderman, Morris, Ill., with 907.



Colonel Walter F. Siegmund, General Executive of the Western Cartridge Company, East Alton, Illinois, and the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Connecticut, a division of the Western Cartridge Company, has been recalled to active duty in the Army Air Force. Colonel Siegmund is a trap, steel, rifle and pistol expert.

Then came Homer Clark, Jr., Alton, Ill., with 903, and Bill Drennen, Utica, Ill., Junior Dick, Minneapolis, and Lt. Joe Hiestand, Hillsboro, O., with 899. S. G. Mendenhall, Grants Pass, Oregon, scored 898; Hale Jones, Wood River, Ill., 897, and J. R. Johnston, Jr., Hartford City, Ind., 896.

Clyde Mitchell, Bridgeport, Conn., was up to his old tricks again, bagging the Professional All-around with 891 out of 950. Homer Clark, Sr., Alton, Ill., was next with 876 Clyde Mitchell, we might add, won the professional 16-yard title, the Doubles and All-around, marking the first time in history that this has been done.

Julius Petty and Walter Beaver were high on 16-yard targets, each breaking 495 out of 500. Then came Hale Jones and E. V. Ross, Millersport, O., 494; Junior Dick; Howard Schick, Lee's Summit, Mo.; and Lt. Joe Hiestand, 493.

The West defeated the East in the East-West team race. On the West team were Julius Petty, Jimmy Holderman, Homer Clark, Jr.; Junior Dick; Dick Williams, Lawrence, Kansas; Art Davidson, Chicago; Bill Smead, Camden, Arkansas; Hale Jones, and S. G. Mendenhall. Score—West 8387 out of 9,500; East 8,940.

Stars of the Grand

The three stars of the shoot were Julius Petty, winner of the AA club and All-around; Jimmy Holderman, the Grand American winner and a tie for second place on the All-around roll, and Bill Drennen, winner of the National championship, and ninth in the Grand American Handicap race.

For the first time, the Grand American handicap was shot at 200 targets, and it didn't seem to make any material difference, especially to the big shots back on 24 and 25 yards. No 25-yard gunners appeared among the first 16 high guns. Bill Drennen, at 24 yards, made the best showing among the topflight gunners. Art Finney was on 23 yards. There were three 22-yard shooters who got in the big money; four gunners on the 21-yard line and four on 20 yards. One of the first 16 high gunners shot from 19 yards, two stood on 18 yards and none on 16 or 17 yards.

The big shoot was a huge success from

every standpoint. Ray Loring and his efficient organization operated like clock work. George Gray on the big bulletin board and Jimmy O'Hanlon who was in charge of the firing line, kept the big shoot running smoothly.

The attendance average from day to day was much higher than last year, despite the

fact the Grand American Handicap race was smaller, perhaps due to the longer 200 target program. There were 1,245 shooters in action during the week and they shot up 962,799 targets, compared with 854,000 last year. In the various events, 4,944 shooters took part, compared with 4,711 in all events last year.

HOW TO TRAIN THE YOUNGSTER OR NEW SHOOTER TO SHOOT CORRECTLY

★ By FRED ETCHEN

5. Self Control, Pointing, Gun Fit

WE HAVE been talking about pointing the gun barrel, keeping the head on the stock, following through and being sure that the eye, or eyes, are not wandering away from the barrel or guide post. Well, after all, those who can better control themselves eventually will be the better shots.

Self control produces rhythm. Rhythm produces smoothness and smoothness produces accuracy. In summing it all up, mastering self control is one of the first secrets of gun shooting.

Some of the first questions I ask a student are these: Do you play golf? If so, how good are you? Do you swim? Do you dance well? Have you played football, basketball or baseball? My reason for these questions is simply to find out whether or not the student has done anything to teach himself self control.

Every hunter who is now going to the fields to shoot—it makes no difference whether he is hunting doves, quail, grouse, chickens or ducks or geese—is bound to become excited when the game is flushed or when it comes within shooting range. His own reaction or self control will determine, in most cases, whether he will hit or miss when he shoots.

If he is going to allow himself to become excited to the point where he jerks the gun to his shoulder and fires without at least taking enough time to point at the game, he will waste his shot nearly every time.

He should learn to control himself sufficiently first to see the game, determine the distance, the angle and the elevation (he can do this in one or two seconds). He can make all these allowances while his gun is being shouldered properly and take that extra instant to be sure to check the gun stock and point where he is sure the shot string and the game will meet.

My advice is don't rush yourself beyond being able to point the gun properly and your results will be much better.

Quit that bunch shooting. Pick the one bird you intend to kill and shoot at it, not at the bunch. Many shooters have felt terribly humiliated by busting loose with one, two or three loads in the middle of a bunch of quail or ducks and at the last shot find not a bird to pick up.

Remember a good gun fit is undoubtedly the greatest assistance a hunter or shooter can have because the gun, if it fits, will come to your shoulder more often in the proper place and in doing so, will allow you to make a fast, proper point quickly. This will account for many fine, fast kills.

To you trap and skeet shooters, let me suggest that you may have a little trouble using the same gun hunting in the field that you have been accustomed to using at the traps or on the skeet field. You are wearing more clothes, as a rule, in the field, especially in the duck blind and you will find the gun that fits you so well at trap or at skeet does not fit you so well because of the excess clothing. The gun will not come to your shoulder as easily or at the same place as it did while shooting at traps or at skeet and of course you will not be able to point the gun as accurately as you have been doing.

Your trouble will be that the stock length is too long with all of the excess clothing and you either will have to reduce the length of your stock or arrange your clothing so you can properly mount the gun to your shoulder better. This is easily done if you are shooting a gun with a recoil pad from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in thickness. All you have to do is remove the pad and place a thin, hard rubber butt plate on your stock. You will possibly find a little more recoil when the pad is removed but in field shooting you are not nearly as conscious of the recoil of a gun as you are at traps or skeet.

★
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Prairie Chickens From Long Grass Country

(Continued from page 13)

pair and a bunch of a dozen arose as the long, wavering line advanced. We saw three singles, one of the pair and two of the dozen come down.

"They're doing better," Luther remarked dryly. "Those six cost only 60 shells."

Most of the flushed chickens went west. Some singles and the remaining 10 of the dozen, however, braved the barrage and came our way. Only the 10 came within range. At first it looked like our golden opportunity had arrived. The 10 headed straight for us. Well up the slope, however, they swung sharply right and passed over the crest beyond range of my gun. Luther knocked one down.

"That infernal white shirt of yours!" Luther accused me. "What you wearing it for?"

"I don't know," I said. And I don't know yet. Why any old experienced hunter would ever wear a glaring white shirt afield is beyond me. The fact that I did is probably evidence that I am slipping. Anyway I wore it and all day that white shirt cost me shots. Chickens afield from it time and time again.

Three distant figures started toward the cane.

"Come on!" I barely waited to take a picture of Luther's first bird. "I'll head off those three by hitting this end of the cane. You cut in from the side."

I did nothing of the kind.

Fifty yards from the field I flushed a lone chicken.

Now the tail-end of a flying prairie chicken is a tough target—literally and figuratively. I purposely aimed above and ahead of the big thundering bird and hit it! The feathers flew and the chicken began bucking like a broncho.

My second charge of sixes chilled caught it in the middle of the back while it was up-ended in a bounce, and the rodeo ceased.

Chicken No. 1. I admired it, stuffed it in my game pocket and ran into that head-high cane.

That was a mistake. We had had much rain. That field of cane was an impassable muck of mud.

THE first step, I went in up to my ankle. The second went in to the knee and the third, which I never finished, landed me on my face.

That was the stickiest, blackest mud I ever tried to swim in and by the time I had got back to solid ground and had dug the mud out of my eyes and my gun barrel somebody was shooting southeast of me.

"I fooled this one," Luther yelled, holding up a beautiful, young, black-barred cock, when I had rounded the corner. "It strained my gun, but I piled him. The other boys got two. Man, oh man! If I had just been where they were! They should have killed their nine! Get one back there?"

I explained and exhibited. "Where now?"

"Circle this cane," Luther suggested, "and cut back to the cars along the corn."

We did this, thus covering three more of the long miles I had dreaded. To my further surprise and delight we saw fully 50 more chickens on the round. Two arose out of a slough east of the cane. Three came in from the west and settled in the corn. Two singles flushed ahead of us in the open. Twenty went south, flying low, east of us. We saw several far in the north.

"Stirred up, aren't they?" commented Luther.

None of the chickens enumerated came within range. We routed the three from the corn. Killed one. That was an interesting shot, not only long, but low. So low that our shot rattled on the corn. So long that we were surprised to find the bird, feet upward, stone dead, when we had labored our way to it. We both claimed it. We both probably hit it.

Fifty yards from our automobile a single chicken gave me a great thrill by bouncing out, cackling at the top of its voice, and speeding west right toward Luther.

Such moments are precious. I never quite know how I do it, but I never fail to perform when caught in such predicaments. I don't always bag the bird which freezes my blood and paralyzes my muscles, but I always try.

Yelling at Luther to lie down, I slung dead chickens in all directions, and before a highly appreciative audience, cut loose. That chicken never knew what hit it.

AT this the comments of my audience broke out anew.

"Hooray! Lookee at old Guy! He brings 'em in on the hoof!"

Eating lunch we discussed the morning. Don and Louie had crossed the road north.

Louie got into a kaffir field, bogged down, extricated himself and with maddish hands knocked three chickens out of a swarm just at sunrise.

"Must have been 75 of them!" Louie beamed, salami sandwich in one hand, bottle of beer in the other. "Man, was that fun! Bang! One down as they came in! Bang! One straight up, that bounced like a rubber ball when it hit! Bang! One as they left. Three shots, three chickens down! Didn't know the old man could do it any more!"

Don also had his three.

"A single came over me, first," he entertained us. "It was dark yet, but somebody had been shooting south of me, so I went up and brought him down. Louie's bunch shied my way—what didn't fall out of the sky. Looked to me like it raised chickens there awhile! I got a wing down on one. I chased that cripple all over a cow lot before I finally caught him. My third one was my fourth. I mean I missed number three. He sure did surprise me coming over from behind, while I was sitting down—close too. Yeah, sure I missed him—three shots!"

"My fourth one deserved to get away. He was cussing me, when he got up right under my feet. He was so mad his hackles stood straight out. I was so

scared and so tickled that I couldn't shoot. Then I got mad for being scared of a prairie chicken and busted him wide open."

Gerald had killed one.

"He could have shot him on the ground, if he had waited another two seconds," Louie said, winking at Lonnie.

"Aw, he was 10 feet off the ground," Gerald defended himself. "—anyway," smiling slowly—"four feet—yet."

"Yet is right!" chimed in Don. "Why I couldn't see him for the grass when you shot. I'll bet his feet were dragging. How did you do, Lonnie?"

Lonnie shook his head. "I didn't get a shot. Lloyd and I went wrong this morning. Saw plenty, but they were too far away—too much company."

"—and too many dogs," added Lloyd. "They kept getting in ahead of us. Those two yappin' pointers spoiled two nice chances for Lonnie and me. They even chased rabbits. Say Mr. B., to our farmer-host, 'how about takin' this here long-bar'd shootin'-iron of mine an' knockin' over one of them guinea-fowl of yours?' I'll pay you half-a-buck for the dead carcass. What say?"

The deal was made and our host shot the guinea.

"You see," Lloyd explained the guinea-fowl, "I've got a fishin' an' huntin' friend in Wichita, who's always pullin' a gag, so I want to take him a dressed guinea. When he's done eatin' I'll tell him it was time meat."

Before lunch Gerald had lost a cripple. "It fell in that little swag," he pointed, coffee cup in hand. "I wish we could all go look for it."

We did, but never found it, the only occasion all day where a dog would have been of any value to us.

Giving up Gerald's runner, we lined up and hunted out a rolling two-miles square pasture.

Louie killed a jackrabbit. Somebody kicked out two chickens. From higher ground I saw Lonnie level down and shoot twice. Those chickens were dead simultaneously in the air, so swiftly did Lonnie perform.

Not a speck of cover was in sight, apparently, yet an old dark rooster let us approach within 20 yards before it flushed.

That cock clattered out immediately ahead of me. He was my meat and I took him. Took him in a simple straight-away, slightly-right-angle shot at 30 yards, that alone was worth, as I recall it now, all the tramping and panting I did that day.

Somewhat I treasure that chicken and I wasn't greatly irked when, bag filled, I trailed along, kodak in hand, as the gang made one last just-before-sunset tramp across a level prairie. The chickens were on the move. I saw several chickens bite the dust and many more and a flock of Canada geese fly away to safety.

I don't recall now who bagged how many that last round, but all of us had birds when we divided up at Lola, after supper,—27 beautiful birds among the 10 of us—exactly 19 more than I had even hoped we would bag.

As I have indicated, we saw a great many prairie chickens in eastern Kansas

the one day of 1941 Kansas season. The long grass prairie chicken has made a wonderful comeback. A fair number were killed in 1941. Enough to have made an interesting day of it, even for the most experienced hunters. But there is an abundance of "seed" left. We have had a mild winter since.

I suppose, when the time comes, as usual I will forget those blisters on my feet and my face, as usual will remember only those two so-satisfactory 1941 singles and, as usual will go along when Don and Lonnie come by.

But this year some of us will not get to go. So, when we who do get back, we will send prairie chicken pictures to Luther, already over-seas, and to Louie, training embryo flyers at some name censored flying field, and to others serving under the Stars and Stripes, telling them what a grand time we had and wishing that they could have been with us—assuming that we aren't ourselves leading shells somewhere at the time for Uncle Sam!

Answers to Sportsman's Quiz

(Questions on page 9)

- Wood duck breast feathers are specified, but mandarin duck feathers are usually substituted.
- The gun which consistently produces scores and smallest groups is the .22 auto pistol.
- Antelope, oldest American mammal.
- Pekinese and chow.
- Martin.
- Know about operating and repairing small boats.
- By the number of rings on the scales.
- The whale.
- One-half pound.
- For nearly a hundred years soldiers have done most battle firing lying down or from trench or "fox hole." Among band-operated reloading systems the bolt may be worked most easily in such position, and the piece, as a whole, not moved. Lever actions, and others which have had passing vogue, require flipping the arm sideways, or raising it, and cam-like actions make one reach too far forward. Bolt actions have none of these drawbacks.
- Yes.
- None of all are the same.
- Dithelene glycol about 10 per cent solution. All of the others have been freely recommended, but are of doubtful value. Glycerine softens old gut, but renders it only slightly less brittle. It will not restore its strength or preserve it. A few drops of carbolic in a pint of water is said to prevent mould, which weakens gut, but will not retard deterioration much, if at all. Menthiclate will do the same. Soda is positively injurious to gut, and should not be used. Gut is silk, you know.
- False.
- True.
- When wedged on one stem, the ganghook is generally considered to be one book.
- The rilling gives the bullet a measurable drift. The sight is devised to offset this.
- Woodcock.
- Skunks and porcupines.
- Fish.

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FISH and FISHING

Edited by
Cal. Johnson



FISHING BEST AT TIME OF NEW MOON, TEST REVEALS

Most fishermen believe that cloudiness at time of full moon and wave action at any time increases success. So, in order to test the conviction, an attempt was made to determine possible differences in fishing success at times of new and full moons by keeping records of catches for periods centering above these dates. The tests were made by Service Aquatic Biologist Stillman Wright of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service.

As a byproduct of studies on fish management in Utah lakes, an analysis of records of experimental fly-casting by an expert fisherman angling in the lake for his fourth summer shows that his average catch at full moon was 33.1 percent less than at new moon. The corresponding figures for trolling and shore fishing by sportsmen were 26.1 and 22.2 percent, respectively, in favor of the new moon periods.

"There are reasons to believe that other factors were involved," says Wright, "in determining relative success at different phases of the moon, and it is planned to study 1942 fishing results. However, the figures we obtained from our experimental fishing surely indicate that the moon has something to do with success in Fish Lake."

Of further note, in connection with last season's angling successes on Fish Lake, is the enormous difference between the catch per man-hour by the so-called "professional fisherman," and that by sportsmen in general. About seven fish to one by new moon; five to one by full moon—in favor of the "professional."

"The difference," Wright explains, "is in part real, owing to his greater skill; and in part to the fact that he knows from experience that the trout move into the shore at a certain degree of darkness each evening. Thus he would not begin fishing until about that time, while the average sportsman begins to fish at about 7 P.M. regardless of light conditions."

An interesting sidelight on this is provided by an account kept of two "fishing times" for the professional: total and effective, the latter being the time from the first strike until closing time at 9 P.M. Results from effective time showed little seasonal trend in catch per man-hour. Results from sportsmen, however, show much larger catches in the autumn, with early twilight, than in spring when the fish begin to strike just before closing time.

Other Fish Lake statistics, incidentally, show that.



"The trout will have a chance to grow up by the time I get back to whip another fly over them," writes Lt. V. H. Stark (above) of St. Paul. He caught the brook trout shown here on the Black Sturgeon River, Ontario, last fall.

1. In the 1941 creel census 829 parties were interviewed, of which 405 were engaged in fly-casting and 424 in trolling. There was an increase of roughly 100 percent in the number of records over 1940.

2. Trolling parties fishing with a guide were more successful than those without a guide. In 1940 guided parties caught 100 percent more fish than those without a guide, while in 1941 the difference was 30 percent.

3. Trolling in general was less successful in 1941. The decline in fly casting was about the same.

Cold Weather Habits of The Fighting Black Bass

It won't be long now until the time comes when the northern angler must hang up his bass fishing tackle and forget these battles of weed beds and rocky-bottomed lakes and streams. The late season fisherman can catch bass until ice forms upon the waters. After freeze-up, what happens?

Where do the bass go? Where do they spend their winters? What do they do? Those are only a few of the questions in the minds of bass fishermen at this time of year. Maybe we should delve



Spots like this usually produce good bass fishing in early autumn. In northern waters in the fall of the year the bass seek the deeper spots and hibernate, but the basses of southern waters feed throughout the year.

briefly into the cold weather period and see how the bass fare while we are toasting our toes over a warm, sparkling fire.

In northern waters which freeze over during mid-November and stay frozen solid until spring thaws open the lake again, the black bass lie dormant in the muddy bottom, in a submerged hollow log, or some other aquatic den, until early March. In spring-fed holes, however, the fish are found less dormant and swim around lazily most of the winter, but rarely are in a mood to bite. The fish feed in an erratic manner and are not easily made to take a bait offered on hook and line. Sometimes a live minnow will tempt them through a hole in the ice, but only in spring holes where the fish are moving around. The hibernating bass will not be interested in any kind of bait and shuns all food until it is time to awaken. He is not unlike the northwoods black bear in such habits.

The general latitude of the water governs hibernation periods to a large degree. In the extreme northern waters the period is naturally longer. However, as one travels southward the weather varies until regions are reached where ice never forms and the bass do not hibernate. Here the fish feed off and on throughout the winter months and grow to a larger size than their northern neighbors as a result.

After the waters become warmer in the north and the sun reaches a higher state, the black bass break their winter dormant period and commence to feed again for a brief spell before preparing for their spring spawning activities. The ice melts and the warm days eventually bring the waters to a 50 degree Fahrenheit and the fish begin to think of building nests for spawning. Rarely will a bass strike at this stage of the game. However, after the spawning has been done the male bass is a wild and woolly creature, striking almost anything that comes his way. After the spawning job is done the fish is ready for the new season and commences to feed regularly. This period varies according to location. The northern bass is ready for business anytime after early June, while the southern bass seems ready most of the time.

The life-cycle of the black bass is an interesting study for every fisherman and the greater the knowledge of the habits and general characteristics of the fish, the better the chances of catching him when the time comes. We must permit him to guard the spawning beds and have his winter sleep if we are to protect his future.

Taking bass through the ice is not a very successful occupation, even if the season should be open at such time—and, anyhow, with the many other species that can be taken during the winter period, such as walleye pike, pickerel, perch, whitefish and lake trout, it is just as well to pass up our friends the black bass until the new spring fishing season opens, for he is one of our most popular species of game fish and a species that deserves all the respect we can bestow upon him when the so-called hibernation period is in evidence.

In a general way, information that deals with the smallmouth black bass also fits the largemouth black bass.

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SALT WATER FISHING

★ ROBERT D. HALL AND ROY F. B. SHAVER, Editors

Sailfish on Light Tackle

By ROBERT D. HALL

THE supreme sport of salt-water angling is found not in how large a fish you may catch, but in the weight of your fishing equipment in relation to the weight of the fish you may be seeking. Many of our big game anglers, who have been fortunate to catch fish of monstrous size, agree that a 50 pound sailfish taken with a 4 or 6 ounce rod offers one of the greatest thrills in salt-water angling.

It is true that there are a few records of catching sailfish with crab bait while bottom fishing, but the majority of fish are nearly always caught by trolling a cut bait while your boat moves quietly through the blue-green waters of the Gulf Stream. The thrill in sailfish angling comes not only from the spectacular fight the fish gives when hooked, but the state of uncertainty in hooking your fish.

As you sit in your swivel fishing chair you suddenly notice a dark fan-shaped object racing to catch up with your skipping bait as it jumps from wave to wave. That unforgettable tap, the agonizing wait as you drop your bait back in wonder if he will turn and seize your lure and get the hook past his stone-like mouth. Then the thin linen line becomes taut as you feel a heavy weight and the captain lets forth a loud and sudden cry—"Strike and strike hard." You throw the reel in gear and come back with your rod, setting the hook deep into the flesh of the mouth of the fish, with a prayer on your lips that your hook is deep seated past the barb.

Out from the blue sea bursts a wild and bewildered fish, the surrounding waters become white with foam, its sail is unfolded to the sea breezes, jaws agape and its long saber-like spear wagging from side to side in a desperate struggle for freedom. Down he goes and up again almost instantly and off across the surface of the sea in his mad foaming rushes, walking on his tail, jumping and jumping in wild abandon until he becomes exhausted. This is sailfish fishing and there is no fighting member of the finny tribe inhabiting the Atlantic, which affords such thrilling and spectacular battle as the sailfish found off the Florida coast.

There are a very small number of sail-



The first sailfish to be caught off the State of New Jersey was taken by J. C. Holloway of Philadelphia. The sailfish weighed 54 pounds.

fish taken north of Florida and according to records available the first sailfish to be taken north of Cape Hatteras on rod and reel was caught by J. C. Holloway, of Philadelphia, while trolling seven miles off Ocean City, N. J. This fish weighed 54 pounds.

The comparatively small number of sailfish caught in proportion to other game fish taken annually in Atlantic waters is partially explained by the uncertainties and difficulties to be encountered in locating their presence, as well as the skill and experience required in

handling them on rod and reel. Although frequently seen near the Florida Keys they seldom leave the vicinity of the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. They are usually found to be following the edge of the Gulf Stream in their search for food. Another explanation why a "sail" was caught off the New Jersey coast this past season is that the temperature of the water as far north as Sandy Hook has been unusually warm and there is little doubt that many tropical fishes found food plentiful in these northern waters.



William Moore proudly displays his 15½-pound striped bass taken while surf fishing at Strathmere, New Jersey.

THE outstanding fishing grounds in Florida for sailfish seem to be off the coast of Stuart. There is a fairly good chance of finding them on warm, sunny days, swimming with their great dorsal fins projecting slightly out of the water. While they will often strike at cut bait, or a Sam's spoon in trolling, they are seldom well hooked, owing to the peculiar character of their jaws. As a rule they bite very quietly and must be given 30 or 40 feet of line before setting the hook, as their mouths are small, hard and bony, not unlike the mouth of a tarpon in their internal structure.

When once hooked they become frantic and create a terrific commotion in their mad rushes and jumps. The sail is really a remarkable development of the dorsal fin, in which the ribs are connected by a sort of silken membrane, thus giving a large sail area and this is balanced by a long, narrow pectoral fin, which apparently plays the part of a center-board.

Their powerful spears have been known to create consternation among the occupants of a fishing boat as records exist of these fish having jumped into small boats and even charged them under the water line. In all real sport there is always some suggestion of danger and this is especially true of all big game fishing. A few winters ago a captain in the act of landing a sailfish received a very serious injury by the fish driving

his spear through the stomach of the captain.

The sailfish is sure to rival the tarpon for its extraordinary fighting ability. This interesting fish is found in many parts of the world, such as the west coast of Africa from the Cape of Good Hope to Morocco and the Indian Ocean, where gigantic sized sailfish, 25 feet in length, have been reported taken.

California Program for Striped Bass Protection

SUBMITTED to action by the campaign of conservationists in North Atlantic coast states to save the vanishing striped bass, an old time friend, now of New York and who used to fish for striped bass in California, writes of the hard fight sportsmen face in their move to have that species declared a game fish and subject to protection as such.

I am unfamiliar with many details regarding Atlantic coast fishing, but as an ardent fish and game conservationist who labored hard to do what little he could to help in the long battle for adequate striped bass protection on the Pacific coast, possibly a brief analysis of our fight may help my friend and his brother conservationists now so deeply concerned.

I think we may assume that on both coasts the power of regulating the fishery and, in a general way, the lined up adversaries are the same; that is, laws must be passed by state legislators and signed by governors. Likewise, in opposing camps are those who fish for immediate profit and those who demand regulation that will insure a continued supply of fish for posterity. Of these two camps the most vitally concerned classes are the few market fishermen and the many sport fishermen. Of far lesser importance in the striped bass controversy, but still entitled to recognition, are the food fish consumers. With the present striped bass population at such a low ebb, the commercial catch is cut to but a tiny fraction of the total coast fish production, and thus may be safely called of little importance in considering any restriction of such catches for food marketing.

But when it comes to making state laws, the fish marketers, usually well organized and well financed, are quick to put their lobbyists to work if and when their profits are threatened. Their side of the question at stake is well and forcibly presented, and the legislators, either through ignorance of the real issues or pressed by political machinations, are inclined to act with little regard for the conservationists, whom they look upon as misled or impractical crusaders.

Years of experience with this sort of problem on the California front taught us that the only remedy is a definite display of mass voting power, a power that the sportsmen and conservationists really possess if they will only demonstrate it before the legislators, who need it above all other things to gain or hold seats in the halls of state government.

I realize that the striped bass problem on the Pacific coast involved only one state, but that has probably as long

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a coastline as several Atlantic states, and I believe, if Atlantic sportsmen will concentrate on one state at a time and obtain corrective legislation, it will be a great forward stride that will lead the way to complete protection of the splendid striped bass fishery along the whole Atlantic coast.

Mako Shark on Display In New York Museum

A NEW exhibit displaying one of the fiercest game fish in the world has recently been opened to the public with the completion of the Mako shark group in the Fish Hall at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York City.

The scene of this group depicts a gun-metal colored Mako lunging above the surface of the water in pursuit of a meal, with needle-toothed jaws about to clamp down upon an unwary albacore. The background painting represents a yellow sky reflecting early sunrise above rolling green crests of waves and a school of albacore in the distance.

The 602-pound Mako shark from which the model in the group was cast, was caught off the island of Bimini, Bahamas, by Michael Lerner, field associate of the Department of Fishes, in April, 1941. With rod and reel and a 39 thread line. Mr. Lerner boated the shark after a 16 minute battle. Mr. Lerner was accompanied on this trip by Captain Eddie Wall of Miami.

Since 1936 Mr. Lerner has conducted six field research expeditions for the Museum's surveys of the biology, habits and migrations of large game fish.

Answers to Fishermen

DRAWN AND NATURAL GUT

L. J. K. WYOMING—Before the days of synthetic gut I read quite a bit about drawn and natural gut. Will you please tell me the difference between the two?

Answer—Natural gut is sort of uniform thickness over all, while drawn gut, being worked through cutting jeweled plates, is true to size throughout and cylindrical. If you secure a good magnifying glass you can easily see the difference.

SKISH TARGETS

E. S. R. WISCONSIN—Will you please tell me the proper dimension of the target used for playing Skish.

Answer—The regulation set of Skish targets is five 30 inch vials. The outside diameter is 30 inches and the inside diameter 26½ inches. Each ring should be painted a different color, such as yellow, orange, red, blue and green.

CADDIS FLY LARVAE

J. J. H. MONTANA—For some time I have used a small aquatic worm found in our local streams for trout bait. The worm, as you know, is found covered with tiny white spots of a shell-like case surrounds the insect. Can you tell me what these insects are?

Answer—This small encased worm is no doubt one of the caddisfly larvae. There are many varieties of cases, some of sticks and bits of leaves, others of sand and small pebbles. These cases are the homes of the larvae and the materials are cemented together much in the same manner that the silkworm spins its cocoon. The adult fly, a night insect largely, appears very much like a small dark-colored moth. The larvae are very tentative bait and trout as well as other fish usually know this, nibbling case, insect and all. I cannot, of course, give you the exact rearing and species without seeing the specimen—but caddisfly larvae is quite likely to be the correct answer.

CAL JOHNSON.

BOATS AND MOTORS

★
WILLARD CRANDALL, Editor

Salt Water Duck Boats

PRACTICALLY every hunter who likes to try his luck on mallards over fresh water is familiar with the standard duck boat. A favorite of thousands of inland lake and marsh hunters who have never seen salt water, these well-known boats are made in production-line quantity by manufacturers in such "fresh water" states as Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Isn't it natural, then, that around the hot stove once the season is over should come the question of just how good these boats are for salt water? Every year there's plenty of shooting from salt water marshes, and it's the hunters who breathe salt air at dawn during the season who can state best just what features a duck boat for salt water should have.

In the first place, it is usually necessary to have a more seaworthy boat for salt than for fresh water—bodies of salt water are, most often, larger. Perhaps it can't get rough where the actual shooting will be done, but it may be necessary to cross an open bay to get there. And the standard duck boat, compared to other boats, is small and low-sided, factors which count heavily against seaworthiness.

This question of seaworthiness is even more important than it sounds, perhaps. A man may be an excellent swimmer in a bathing suit in August, but able to do nothing except drown when upset in November waters, clothed in sweaters and perhaps a hunting coat weighted with shells.

IT HAS been suggested a thousand times that if the duck boat is towed by, or carried on the deck of, a larger boat while crossing open water enroute to the gunning spot much of this question of seaworthiness would solve itself. This system does work well, often; that it does not more often can probably be traced to a weakness in human nature. If other hunters are near, as they likely are if ducks are about, there is almost certainly one atrocious shot among them. And dollars to doughnuts, as they used to say, this poor shot will blame his bad "luck" on the noise of any motor that comes anywhere near the spot at any time. Towing a duck boat really calls for a motorboat, inboard or outboard; and many hunters hesitate at the use of any motor not so much for fear of scaring the ducks as fear of infuriating some hunter in a nearby blind.



Big boat or little boat for hunting, more and more of them are being powered by outboard motors.

There may be other objections to the salt water use of the standard duck boat. Most of these boats will not stand up well if left in the salt water. And in the South particularly some hunters like to leave their boats in or partly in the water, or perhaps exposed to the weather at least. Light wood boats will not well resist the injurious effects of salt water borers, and other marine life, plentiful in the south, but then there really is not much excuse for keeping a light boat in the water. More important is the fact the underwater obstructions in salt water are likely to be more numerous and dangerous. A light duck boat may be badly scraped or damaged from objects varying from muscels, clinging to underwater rocks, to abandoned and submerged channel markers.

On the credit side the standard duck

boat has the long list of advantages that many years of experience, plus modern manufacturing methods, have produced. Steady for its size, tough for its weight, easily concealed from curious ducks, simple to carry on the car top—and there are many other points. Also it is incorrect to claim that all standard duck boats will not take abuse; many of them are plenty tough. Naturally the lighter weight models will stand less. But a duck boat, no matter where it is used, doesn't have to be so awfully strong. In most instances duck boats do not receive as much use as, say, a rowboat, and further they are light enough so that they can be taken care of well whenever not actually in use.

THE one big stumbling block, then, to the standard duck boat in salt water is this question of seaworthiness. Above all a boat must be safe. But just how can it be done? Use a bigger, heavier boat? Suppose the boat must be hauled overland by car, as many duck boats are? The editor of this department has always advised the use of a boat trailer and a heavier, larger boat when there seemed to be any question of the safety of a boat small enough to be carried on the car roof. But right now he is not prepared to offer suggestions as to where the tires for the trailer are coming from.

And there are other objections to a larger, more seaworthy boat. The ducks may see it too easily, and it may be awkward to shoot from in various ways. The man who is to shoot over salt water, who likes to shoot from a standard duck boat, and who must carry his boat on top of the car, can probably best solve his dilemma of troubles over seaworthiness by arranging his trip to avoid too open water, something that can usually be done, although perhaps his favorite shooting spot will have to be abandoned. He'll not solve his troubles by risking his neck on



Molded plywood duck boats can be made in any shape whatsoever, so there should be no positive limit to the efficiency of these craft.



Real satisfaction comes only to the hunter who chooses his duck boat to fit his own water and shooting requirements.

an open, rough bay. Neither will he solve it by buying a boat too heavy really for the car roof. This latter plan just won't work; either there soon is an accident, or a series of minor accidents, involving the boat or the car top or both, or else the hunter gives up in despair over the almost impossible lifting.

It is quite evident that, so far as hunters are concerned, salt water boating conditions vary considerably from locality to locality. Here there is a big bay that must be crossed, but perhaps a few hundred miles south the hunters have little open water, but instead nearly-dry marshes that require a very shallow draft boat. In view of the fact that there is such a variation in conditions, and of the fact that a salt water duck boat must be an almost perfect combination of diverse factors, why can't there be different local designs, made to fit as exactly as possible local conditions? There can, and are. Dozens of designs are popular in local strongholds from Louisiana's bayous around to the coast of Maine. There are duck boats, floats, double floats, outside floats, sneak boxes, and almost everything imaginable. Even in some open fresh water spots there are local models, such as the St. Clair river boat that is ingen-

ously high—yet low-sided.

The hunter who is to purchase a duck boat for salt water has a clear choice in front of him. He should investigate carefully the local design, and choose between it and a standard duck boat, remembering that while some local designs are about perfect for local conditions, some of them really aren't much and are used because of prejudice, and reactionary ideas of old-timers. Above all he should avoid the only-too-common pitfall of choosing a specialized design from some other locality because of the enthusiastic recommendation of a hunter who used it in that other district.

If the salt water hunter decides on a standard duck boat, he should remember these come in various sizes, types of construction, and, within limits, design. For salt water a tough construction, large size, and bottom designed for open rather than very shallow water is usually, though not necessarily, wanted.

◀ ◀ ◀

Carelessness in Towing a Boat Is Seldom Excusable

WHEN a motor breaks down, and it is necessary to tow the boat in, ideal towing conditions seldom prevail. The rope available may be of poor quality, or insufficient length, for instance. But when the towing is planned in advance there is little excuse for a careless slipshod performance.

Among the instances of planned towing are the dinghy behind the cruiser, or canoe or duck boat behind the motorboat. Towing is often the answer when different types of boats are needed for the same trip, because of different water conditions or other varying conditions of usage. Instead of canoe or duck boat dragged behind it may be a small portable fishing boat, to be hauled overland to a small lake once the large bay has been crossed.

Sometimes boats are towed simply



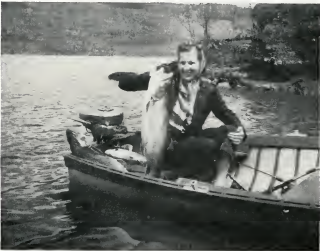
Comfortable, spray-free—in more than one way the deluxe outboard runabout resembles its more powerful big brother, the inboard runabout.

because there is only one motor available but the number of passengers is too great for one boat. This sort of towing, which takes place usually with smaller boats, rowboats often being the towed craft, should be discouraged as likely to be unsafe. Some of the disadvantages of ordinary towing can be done away with by towing the boat alongside; but there are objections to this method and it isn't much practiced except when, in an emergency, no rope is available. One objection to alongside towing is the scratching and banging that accompanies such a performance unless the boats are tightly fastened together, and this tight fastening may call for nailing or bolting the boats to connecting pieces of wood.

The load in a boat towed astern should be kept well in the back part of the boat. If it is not, the bow will dig into the water, first one way and then another, like as not. Then when the rope becomes taut the towed boat will be jerked and if it is much lighter than the towing craft perhaps even tipped over.

The length of the rope may be important. It isn't a bad idea to use a fairly long rope if the boat tows well. If the towing boat leaves a wake to amount to anything, the length of the rope should be adjusted so that the boat being towed is held up by one of the waves of the swell. Don't let the boat ride in the trough, for it may attempt then to nose into the wave ahead, with resultant sudden jerks; or if it is allowed to ride the crest of a wave, no telling when it may want to try to slide off. A rope length that allows the towed boat to be just climbing one of the waves of the swell, with the bow sticking over the top, is best.

Boats that have sharp chines or any other sharp angles to the bottom are the hardest to tow. These angles are always catching and jerking the boat, or else guiding it in a false direction until a taut rope abruptly whips the boat back. Boats that have an upcurve to the bottom at each end are easy to tow. Dinghies are usually the easiest of all for towing; no wonder, for they're built for such use.



With crisp autumn days the big ones come easy—if you just have a boat and motor to get you to the spot.



SPORTING DOGS

• PETER BOGGS, Editor

BLINKING... A DOG'S WORST FAULT

Causes of Blinking and Suggested Curative Methods

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—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

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DONIPHAN, MISSOURI

UNDOUBTEDLY, the worst fault a field dog can have is that of blinking. Blinking can most easily be defined as a dog's unwillingness to indicate the presence of birds. This fault should not be confused with belting, which is the act of running away completely when birds are scented. A dog that bolts completely quits hunting and has no intention of returning. The dog either runs home or stays at a distance from his handler, the handler losing all control over the dog's movements. A blinking dog often will cunningly avoid birds, but still remain under control of the handler.

A dog may blink in a number of different ways. He may hunt merrily until he scents game, then shy off or alter his course ever so slightly so that the birds are avoided. This type of blinking dog actually uses his scenting powers to keep from finding birds. Another dog on locating the birds will point them, but on the approach of his handler will immediately start to back away, slinking towards the approaching hunter. Another sign of blinking, not quite so serious, is the dog that breaks point as his master approaches and then circles around the game and comes on point again on the opposite side. Any avoidance of game can be termed blinking.

Sometimes a dog owner doesn't realize that his dog's inability to find birds is in reality blinking. I readily recall a friend of mine who was bemoaning the fact that his promising looking Pointer had everything, but lacked a good nose. His dog just couldn't seem to find birds. Actually, the dog was finding plenty of game, but avoided indicating their presence to his master. My friend didn't realize his dog was a blinker.

Blinking may be caused by many different things. It isn't hereditary. Any unpleasantness to a dog while working on birds may cause him to become a blinker. It may be the whirr of wings as a bevy rises, or the improper shooting over a gunsy dog. Excessive punishment for flushing or chasing birds may cause it. The slightest punishment administered at the wrong time can also start a dog blinking. Great care must be taken when training a dog to be steady. If too much punishment is given while trying to correct unsteadiness, it may cause the dog to avoid indicating game because of his fear of punishment if he does not handle them correctly. One of the hardest things for the average person to realize is the turning point between unsteadiness and blinking. Remember that one whipping too much, a gun fired at the wrong time, or harsh corrective methods while trying

to steady a dog may be the cause of your dog becoming a confirmed blinker.

Now that we have established what blinking is and what may cause it, what can we do to correct or cure a dog of blinking? Actually, the job at hand is to establish in the dog's mind a pleasure on finding game. A good method to do this is to hunt the dog with a young pup that flushes and chases every bird he comes across. In no way try to restrain the older dog. In fact, try to encourage him to flush and chase with the young pup. If you can get the dog to show interest in chasing, you are well on your way to curing him. If possible, make a blinking dog go back to his puppy love of flushing and chasing birds.

Naturally, a dog that is the least bit gunsy should have this fault corrected first, for that may be the only reason he shies away from game. In his mind, he may realize that his finding of game for his handler is followed by a noise he does not like. So therefore, he can avoid this unpleasant noise by not finding game.

After arousing his interest in game by encouraging him to flush and chase, take great care when you go about making him steady again. Use the utmost patience not to make any part of this re-steady training unpleasant to the dog. The dog's relationship and all contact with birds must be one of pleasure, if he is to be cured.

As can be readily seen, blinking is caused by a dog's realizing that something unpleasant occurs whenever he finds birds. He will go out of his way to avoid indicating the presence of game in order to keep from experiencing this unpleasantness. Therefore, the whole job of curing a blinking dog sums up to finding out what the dog considers unpleasant and changing his attitude towards this particular phase of hunting. Naturally, it will take some ingenuity on your part to discover what is unpleasant to your dog and what to do to correct it.

Speaking of ingenuity reminds me of a story Earl Bufkin of Batesville, Mississippi, one of the best trainers in the country, tells about an old-time trainer friend of his and how this oldtimer cured two blinking young Setters. It seems that 10 days before the old-time trainer was to return the Setters to their owner, he realized they were starting to blink on game. He had only 10 days in which to restore boldness and enthusiasm to the Setters, and cure them of any indication of blinking. The old-time trainer explained he cured these dogs of blinking in this manner.

"I hid my gun, and started the dogs to

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The requirements are simple: Dogs may be purebred or crossbred, must not be less than 18 inches in height at the shoulder, not storm shy or noise shy, not less than 1 year or more than 5 years old. Your dog will be well-trained, well-fed, and well-cared for while he's serving Uncle Sam.

Enlisting dogs for war work is the function of Dogs for Defense, Inc., a volunteer civilian organization indorsed by the American Kennel Club and officially approved by the War Department. If you are interested in enlisting your dog, or in making a cash contribution, send the coupon below for a dog questionnaire and complete information.

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hunting again, scarcely knowing what to do. Soon they had another point. At that instant a plan unfolded itself. I approached as close as I dared, and then got down on hands and knees and 'backed' my dogs! They held their ground as I began to creep up and 'steal their point.' As I passed them, my nose stuck straight ahead to look as much like a point as possible, both dogs showed eagerness and one edged closer to the covey. My plan was working! They had lost their fear and were intent on the birds.

"Finally I rose up and made a dash for the covey, flushing them and then chasing as fast as my legs would carry me. Both dogs quickly lit out in hot pursuit and passed me, all full of fun and enthusiasm. We repeated our little game several times until both dogs were beating me to the flush.

"On the next day I cautiously shot a bird that flew away from them at an angle, being careful not to shoot right over their heads. I wing-tipped it and the following chase stimulated further interest and enthusiasm on the part of the pups. Within five or six days I was steadying them back on their game and making one shot over each point. The dogs took to it nicely and by the end of 10 days I shipped the owner a pair of perfectly bold and steady performers."

The above story not only illustrates that a certain amount of originality must be employed when training dogs, but that one must at all times endeavor to understand what a dog is thinking about and approach many of the training problems from a dog's point of view. Blinking is a dog's worst fault. It can be cured, but again let me say that it will take a great deal of patience plus careful diagnosis of the reasons for the fault.

Feed Individually

If you are feeding a litter of young puppies, I believe it wiser to feed the dogs from individual dishes rather than all together out of one large pan.

Each puppy has a distinct individuality, and the bullies of the litter will often get most of the food if only one pan is used. Feeding in this manner also has a tendency to further the fighting instincts of some puppies. It is practical to afford all dogs their own individual eating dishes.

Splayed Feet

Many dog owners who kennel their dogs in pens with either wood or cement runways often wonder why their dogs have weak or splayed feet. To develop a compact and firmly held foot, a dog must tread on rough ground. Crushed stone or pebbles scattered about the kennel yard or exercising pen will make it necessary for the dog to keep his toes together, and will also develop a better balance in his gait.



Despite the fact that Beau Essig's Pride was born on March 17 (1940), he is an English setter dog. His owner, Dr. Alton S. Jeppie, says he is a gun dog supreme as well as a field trial winner. This picture was taken on Dr. Jeppie's Michigan farm.

Stopping Dog Fights

Every once in a while, dog owners are called upon to stop a dog fight. When trying to separate two fighting dogs, never whip them, as it only encourages them to continue fighting.

A quick method to stop a dog fight is to choke the offending animals by placing a strap or chain around their necks. You should be careful as you do this, for a dog in the turmoil of battle may unknowingly turn and bite even his master. Throwing water on the dogs will sometimes do the trick, especially if a small amount of spirits of ammonia has been added to it.

About Feeding Fish

A few months ago in this department, I advised including fish every so often in your dog's diet. However, never feed a dog raw or uncooked fish.

Many fish are infected with a parasite which scientists classify as salmon fluke. This germ is most prevalent in salmon, but is found also in other fish, especially trout. While this fluke is not injurious to human beings, (who don't eat raw fish, anyway) it takes a startling toll of canine life. If by chance you should take your dog fishing with you and are lucky enough to land a trout, don't experiment with your dog to see what he would do with a wiggling fish. Your experiment might prove fatal to the dog.

Odd, Interesting, But True

If you were asked to choose a dog to run against a horse in a five-mile race, what breed would you pick? No, the racing Greyhound wouldn't be the best choice. The Foxhound would have a much better chance to beat the horse; in fact, he would be a heavy favorite.

The Foxhound is a fast running dog and is thought to have the greatest endurance for running of any breed. Because the fastest race horse cannot maintain its speed for any distance over three miles, in a five-mile race, the Foxhound would come from behind to win easily.



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RAMBLING THOUGHTS

The site of the West Virginia Amateur Field Trial Association courses at Point Pleasant, W.Va., is now just a happy memory to field trial enthusiasts. Once the scene of many good times, it has been converted into a T.N.T. plant by the government. While it will probably never again be used as a field trial course, field triers can take comfort in the fact that the former courses are now doing yeoman duty for the armed forces.

SAM YOUNG says he has two good Derby prospects sired by Farmwood Yankee. It looks like a good season in spite of the war. . . . LUIS M. HENDERSON's painting of Lemistry, National Champion of 1942, will grace the du Pont calendars in the coming year. Mr. Henderson won the du Pont award for this season.

The Orange County Field Trial Club of Verbank, N.Y. has a reputation for being one of the most hospitable clubs in the country. If gas and tires will permit us to, let's drop around to the Orange County Club this year. . . . JACK FLOWERS, owner of "Wahoo's Pirate," Derby Pointer, and also coach of the Pirates, has enlisted in the Coast Guard. He has given the pup to Dr. B. S. LESTER, well-known owner of National Champion, "Lester's Enjoy's Wahoo."

More dog men who have gone into the service: PAUL MARCOW, in training with the Engineers; BILL LINK, somewhere in England; ELIAS SIMON, in the Navy; PHILIP A. BROUSSEAU, in Camp Hood, Texas.

I hear that the Charlestown Field Trial Club had a grand time at their annual clam-bake on the Walsh estate. Although the gathering was small, it was a pleasant get-together. . . . Sorry to hear of the death of "Rosedale Jack," Pointer owned by Dr. WILLIAM F. VAH of Greenwich, Conn. Jack was 14 years old; in his younger days, he was known as one of the fastest-going dogs of his time.

DOGS AND DRINKING WATER

It is rather hard to believe but it's true that a dog confined to a kennel and given free access to water will drink more than a dog running about and given the same opportunity to quench his thirst.

Experiments have proven this fact. Here's the explanation. Exercise uses up and eliminates certain body waste products. A dog deprived of exercise instinctively depends on water to remove these waste products and thus drinks more.

"DOG HAIR SWEATER"

If your wife is complaining about the hairs your favorite hunting dog leaves about the house, here is an idea you may give her. A Mrs. C. J. Blackburn of Stanton, Virginia, was asked by her friends where she got the lovely looking sweater. They were stunned when she replied, "From my dog."

Mrs. Blackburn owned a chow. Like all dogs, it sheds its coat. Mrs. Blackburn saved the shedded hairs and sent them to a yarn concern to be spun into "dog yarn." Then when the yarn came back, she knitted herself a sweater.

Keep up his ALL-DAY STAMINA



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Hunt Club builds up that all-day stamina because it has the meat and milk proteins, the vitamin-richness and the mineral completeness that supply abundant health and vigor. And what is also important, dogs really like Hunt Club. It has a rich, meaty flavor that appeals to even the "hard-to-please" dog. This year, keep your dog fit and happy with long-proved, condition-building Hunt Club.

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WOLFPOUND Puppies. Very best. Write Otto Werner, Klewa, Colo.

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The 1942

HUNTING ANNUAL

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THIS year's HUNTING ANNUAL is the ninth annual edition of this magazine, as large as the largest issue we have published. The wide scope of subjects is reflected in the list below.

Included Are
Articles Such as These, in

The 1942

HUNTING ANNUAL

Get Ready!—Capt. Jim Crossman.

Wingshooting Problems—Major Charles Askins.

New Thoughts on Old Rifles—Col. Townsend Whelen.

'Boots, Boots, Boots'—Gordon MacQuarrie.

Our Heritage of Big Game—Walter J. Wilverding.

Take Good Care of Yourself!—Elmer Keith.

Scope Dope—Milton M. Idzal, O. D.

Packing Wild Ducks for Safe Transportation—Wayne M. Judy.

Where and How to Hunt Woodchucks—C. S. Landis.

Know Your Ducks and Geese—Walter J. Wilverding.

How to Tan Skins Properly—John W. Moyer.

Shooting Ducks With a Camera—Ormal I. Sprungman.

Taking Luck Out of the Deer Hunt—Francis E. Sell.

Selecting and Using the Camp Axe—Robert Page Lincoln.

Field Repairs for the Big Game Hunter—Clyde Baker.

Summary of North American Hunting Laws—K. McGrann.

The 410 Guns for Game—Maurice H. Decker.

Too Many Game Birds—Mel Steen.

Arms News—Elmer Keith.

Gun Talks—Major Chas. Askins.

Buckshot or Bullets?—Major Chas. Askins.

THE summaries of hunting laws alone are worth the price of the whole Annual to any active hunter. Our supply of all previous numbers is exhausted—better get this issue right now. 25c a copy. If your dealer does not handle the 1942 Hunting Annual, send your remittance to:

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JOIN THE LIARS' CLUB. The Liars' Club is an organization which meets every month on the back page. It is intended for those who enjoy the telling of "Tall Tales" on sporting subjects and who like to give their imaginations free rein. You are invited to take part. All who submit "Tall Tales" will receive the official membership card and Liars' License of the Club, regardless of whether or not their stories are selected for publication. Address *The Liars' Club, Sports Afield, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Art Is Like That

PEOPLE wonder why I go in for fancy engraved guns. They say you can't get any more game with them than with an old clunk. When they say that I just laugh up my sleeve. I don't say anything about my art exhibits because I wouldn't want them to become common knowledge—soon there wouldn't be any deer.

I never will forget the first time I tried it. I waited until the day before the season was to close so there wouldn't be so many other hunters around. Then I went up in the High Sierras and posted notices like this in about six out of the way places:

NOTICE TO ALL BUCKS
THERE WILL BE AN ART EXHIBIT AT 7
A.M. TOMORROW MORNING ON TOP OF
THE DEVILS POST PILE
STRICTLY A STAG PARTY

The next morning I took 10 beautifully engraved guns up—and did they fall for them. After they had admired them for a while I asked for volunteers to be shot by their favorite gun. By golly, they all came forward in a body.

To settle the ensuing quarrel, I told them they could draw lots. They insisted I should shoot 10 of them, one with each gun, but I stood firm on the ground that the law allowed me only two. Since then I never take more than two guns and I post only one notice.—M. G. Bachiero, Los Angeles, Calif.

Old Glass Eye

DISCOVERING Old Glass Eye while casting the shore of Prevarication Lake was just fisherman's luck. In following my lure, which I had cast across this 10-mile lake, my eye was attracted by a black burned bank on an otherwise verdant hillside. This alone would not have enticed me over if my lure hadn't hooked on a stump on the other side.

Anxious to retrieve the favorite lure, I reeled in rapidly, making the 10 miles in a little over three minutes. The boat going at this rate did wet me a little with spray, but you know how mad a real fisherman can get when he overcasts.

The black burned spot seen across the lake was devoid of all vegetation, down to bed rock, carved out in a semicircle like half of a deep dish. Then, like a crack in the dish, a brook flowed down its smooth side into the lake.

I was startled by a fierce glare emanating from a spot a short distance out in the lake. I found this was caused by the eye of an enormous bass. He lay there at

the delta of the brook, the brook's current working his fins to keep him erect. One eye out of water caught the sun's rays and magnified them thousands of times, and a tremendous amount of heat was directed against the bank and brook.

This heat killed every insect, bird and animal that chanced to cross its rays. Insects and animals would drop on the sides of the dish, slide into the brook and be washed down in Old Glass Eye's mouth.

This brook did another service for Old Glass Eye. It was a splendid place to spawn and as the fish ran up the brook they hit the hot spot in the stream where the sun's rays from the eye hit the brook, and were cooked. They floated down and were cooled in the waters of the lake before they were wafted into the mouth of Old Glass Eye.—JUAN B. ANTHONY, Baltimore, Maryland.

Heaven Helps Those

SATURDAY afternoon. No meat in the house, no money in the pocket, credit not so hot. Expecting company for dinner.

A walk might ease my worries. I took along a couple of cigars that when smoked smelled like rope soaked with Limburger cheese. I walked to the edge of town and cut across the fields to a little thicket. On the way I idly picked up a dry land turtle to amuse myself with.

As I entered the thicket I saw a nice young woodchuck dodge into a hole. That gave me a bright idea. I took out one of my shoe strings and tied the cigar I was smoking to the turtle's back and started him down the chuck hole. It wasn't long until I had me three nice young chucks—so we had our meat for Sunday after all.—H. C. Garbath, Willard, Ohio.

Hole in the River

I SPENT the month of August at Clayton, New York, on the St. Lawrence River. One day I was just drifting along, very slowly fishing up the river a couple of miles from Clayton, when right beside the boat was a hole in the water clear to the bottom. It looked like a well. I dropped a plug in and down it went and I could hear it strike bottom. I rowed all around it to make sure I wasn't seeing things. I couldn't make anything out of it at all and I was still thinking about it when I got back to Clayton. Walking up the street I met an old riverman I knew and I thought right off this old fellow

ought to know how that hole got there, so I asked him. "Why sure," he said. "I've seen that hole lots of times. Old Frank Lewis made that hole—he fished in the one spot so many years he wore the water out and the hole is still there."—A. B. Dye, Rome, New York.

More on Mountain Rino

I HAVE no intention of capitalizing on the article on "Mountain Rino," written by D. B. Hosmer, appearing in the Liars' Club in the July, 1942, issue of Sports Afield, but having studied this bird specimen I thought you would like to know more about it than the mere fact that it lays square eggs.

Being something of a naturalist, I had occasion some years ago to study this bird first hand while on a trip into Lake Kairikons, Ontario, Canada.

"Mountain Rino" (kal-a-lula) did not originally lay square eggs, but ordinary shaped eggs.

The "Mountain Rino" originated in the north country during the gravel age and is not of the migratory kind. Instead of migrating south in the wintertime, it hibernates.

After the gravel began to move, the eggs rolled with the gravel, consequently the eggs were crushed and no young could be reared. At this point nature stepped in and overcame the problem in this manner. During the hibernating period, at which time the eggs are laid, the mated pair construct earthen trays with six compartments (the maximum nest full) with a drag link on one end. The eggs are dropped into this tray and as the shells harden they take the square form.

When this reform was first inaugurated, these eggs were dumped out of the tray in the sunshine for incubation and being in square form did not roll. But, in areas where the gravel really got on the move,



Mountain rino
(Kal-a-lula)

these birds could not keep the nest together, therefore, they left all the eggs in the tray, which created a hatching problem.

At this point nature stepped in again. Due to the unusual formation of the beak and the fact that the eggs were left in the earthen trays, it was impossible for the chick to pip the shell, so nature developed hooks on this bird so that it can kick a hole through the shell and the earthen tray.—C. M. Martin, Tulsa, Oklahoma.



* Free! Send for full-color enlargement of this beautiful photograph.

"Spec and I do most of our hunting out of season!"

says "DOC" PETERS

"After all, there's no closed season on reminiscing! For instance—look at this picture of my dog, Spec. He wouldn't win any prizes in a dog show, but he's a real *hunta'* dog. Many's the year we've gone after quail. Suddenly, *up* they'd burst . . . and crack! crack! Two powerful Peters loads reached our . . . then off went Spec to bring back my double. If I'd *missed* the second one, you could just see his pained look!

"It's fun to hash over old memories. But I like to plan for the days ahead. Right now, Peters technicians are working day and night for Uncle Sam to improve their ammunition still further. So Peters shells and cartridges of the future will certainly give us power, accuracy and dependability to the highest degree.

"But in the meantime, remember there's something we shooters can do to help. We can do it by taking care of our guns and ammunition. Don't leave unused shells in the pocket of a wet coat or in your car. Don't dump them in a hot attic or a damp cellar. Store your ammunition carefully in a dry, cool place—maybe in a closet, locker, or cabinet in the driest part of your house. Remember, fellows, ammunition properly stored will stay good for years, and that's mighty important these days."

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